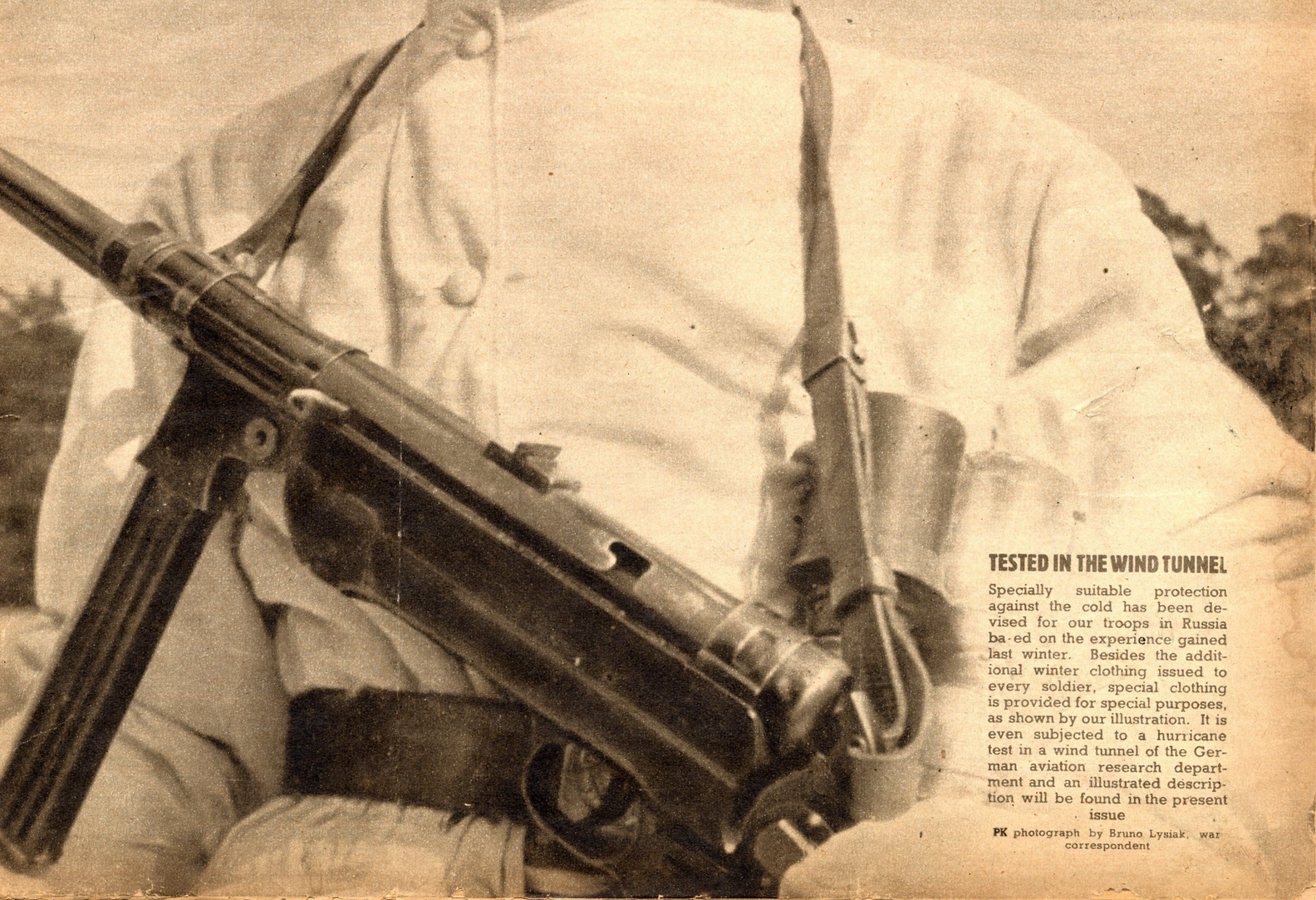
Der Adler

NUMBER 3

BERLIN, FEBRUARY 9th, 1943

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE GERMAN AIR MINISTRY



TESTED IN THE WIND TUNNEL

Specially suitable protection against the cold has been devised for our troops in Russia based on the experience gained last winter. Besides the additional winter clothing issued to every soldier, special clothing is provided for special purposes, as shown by our illustration. It is even subjected to a hurricane test in a wind tunnel of the German aviation research department and an illustrated description will be found in the present issue

PK photograph by Bruno Lysiak, war correspondent

The Führer with his trusty paladin, Reich Marshal Hermann Göring, who, first as Reich Commissar for Aviation, then as Reich Minister of Aviation and Commander-in-Chief of the Luftwaffe, with unflagging energy forged Germany's sword in the sky

Photographs by Presse-Hoffmann (2), Scherl (1), PK photograph by Grosse (Atl 1), war correspondent

UNDER THE

THOUGHTS ON JANUARY 30th, 1943

The tenth anniversary of the assumption of power by the government of the National-Socialist revolution is characterized by the hard and heroic struggle of the whole nation for the liberty of Greater Germany. The tenth anniversary is not ushered in by blare of trumpet and splendid celebrations, but resounds with the brazen clamour of war, the roar of bursting shells, whistling projectiles, hammering machine-guns, exploding mines, clanking and rattling of tank chains, and explosion of torpedos, whilst from the air above the whining and thunder of aero engines, the impact of bombs, and the howling of the stukas of our Luftwaffe mingle with the clangorous melody.

Our Luftwaffe, the youngest branch of the glorious German defence forces, is connected in quite a special degree with the ten years of German history now completed. For that decade brought to the army and the navy their liberation from unheard-of shackling in respect of materials and numbers, but the Luftwaffe was actually reborn during those March days in 1935 when the Führer, supreme commander-in-chief of the defence forces, transferred to the new Richthofen fighter group, as the first formation of the new air force, the glorious tradition of the German air force of the World War and appointed the last commander of the old Richthofen group, his faithful paladin Hermann Göring, to be Air Officer Commanding. Richthofen, Boelcke, Immelmann, and Hindenburg were the names of honour given to the first groups of the German air force, but yet another name—that of Horst Wessel—was also firmly fixed here, as being the visible symbol of the spirit of our Luftwaffe, which can never forget that it was the swastika banner beneath which the German nation set out on on its march to liberty on January 30th, 1933.

The creation of a Reich Commissariat for Aviation was announced during the night of that same memorable day and afterwards developed into the Reich Ministry of Aviation. That was more than a mere change in form of the chief Reich authorities: it was a programmatic action and revealed the stern determination to marshal all forces in the fields of aviation and air protection. The time was not yet ripe for the resurrection of a German air force, which the dictated terms of the Treaty of Versailles had smashed and forever forbidden; the essential conditions in the field of foreign affairs were still absent. Until the Führer had created these with relentless consistency of purpose, a cloak of concealment which, to be sure, made for safety, but at the cost of much self-denial and self-restraint, had to be cast over the efforts of Hermann Göring and his coadjutors to lay the foundation upon which at a later date the mighty fabric of the German Luftwaffe could be reared. But even that last difficult period down to March 1st, 1935, was got over, largely by the sacred enthusiasm of all who rallied round the flags of the Luftwaffe.

The first day of March 1935 brought with it the decision and now provided the possibility, after the Führer had presented the German nation again with its unrestricted freedom of armament, for carrying out rearmament in the air without further concealment and to make up for everything which it had had by reason of bitter constraint to neglect for many a long year. Can armies be stamped out of the ground? The birth and growth of our Luftwaffe answers that question in the affirmative. Neither fantastic exaggeration nor mendacious defamation on the part of foreign countries was able to divert the Luftwaffe from its aims during the ensuing years of reconstruction. Work was tirelessly carried on, quite quietly, as is the old custom of the German soldier, and according to the principle that enjoins action, but only to speak of such action when really necessary.

Below: An important day during the period of building up the German Luftwaffe. The Führer inspects the Richthofen fighter group just set up, which was the first to be entrusted with the traditions of the German air force of the first World War

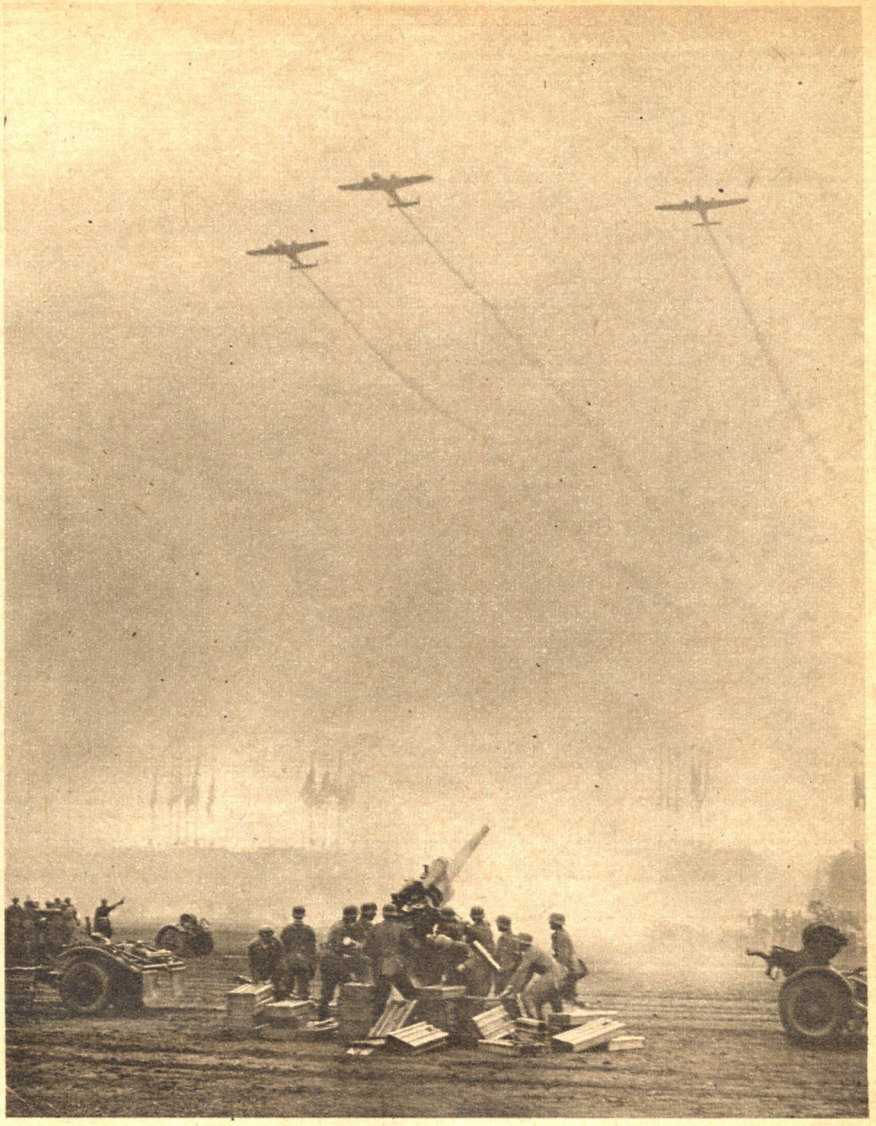
Side by side with continuous exercises and manœuvres, our Luftwaffe was subjected to another trial towards the close of the summer of 1936, when the Führer decided to send help to the national Spanish governement under General Franco and support him in the struggle against his Bolshevist adversaries. German volunteers fought in the Condor Legion down to the moment when their long-distance reconnaissance pilots reported in 1939 that white and national flags were flying over the whole of what had hitherto been enemy territory. The young German Luftwaffe proved by its work in the Condor Legion for the first time that it did not need to fear comparison in respect either of personnel or of material with the air force of any other country. For they fought together with their Italian comrades side by side with Franco's airmen against French, English, American, and, above all, against Bolshevist pilots. The knowledge and experience gained in peaceful preparation were hardened and steeled in the furnace of warlike events. The air forces of National-Socialist Germany and of the Soviet Union crossed swords, the struggle was desperate and waged with varying issue, but the final victory lay with the Condor Legion and became an augury of the struggle into which the Führer and his Reich Marshal entered on behalf of Germany and Europe two years later, in order to preserve the culture and civilization of a whole continent from otherwise certain ruin and collapse. The Führer meanwhile burst the unnatural frontiers set up in Central Europe by the dementia of the ostensible victors of 1918. Abrogation of the demilitarized zone on the Rhine, reunion of the Ostmark (formerly Austria) with the Reich, liberation of our brothers in Sudetenland, proclamation of the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia, the return of the city and hinterland of Memel to the Reich—such were the

SWASTIKA

By Fieldmarshal-General Erhard Milch

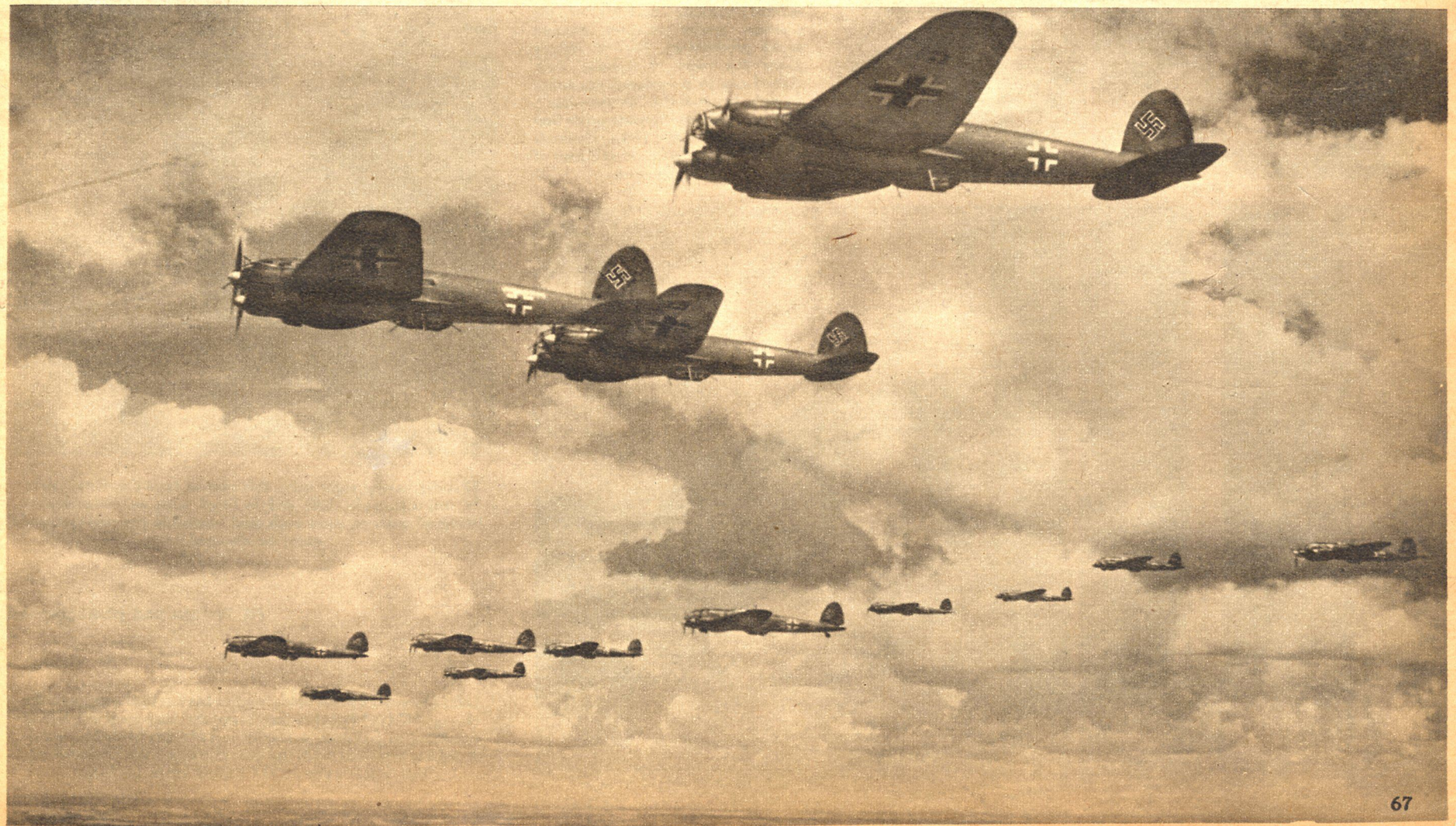
milestones in the struggle of greater Germany for its liberty, before the Plutocratic Powers in the west under Jewish influence compelled us to draw the sword. In the course of these operations our Luftwaffe over and over again proved its efficiency and its determined readiness to adopt swift action. But it was probably of even more importance that the very fact of the existence of our Luftwaffe and its appearance in impressive force and determination induced irresponsible war-mongers all over the world to adopt a certain amount of reserve and prevented them from carrying out their underhand work with all too little discretion. The German Luftwaffe thereby contributed to an appreciable extent to the fact that reason at first retained the upper hand during those months and years of tension, and that the peace of Europa was not lightheartedly sacrificed by our enemies even at that date. During all that time the Führer made no secret of the enormous strengthening of our Luftwaffe, but all his warnings about playing with fire were spoken to the winds. Our adversaries in their blind hatred believed that they need pay no heed to Germany's honourably meant warnings and exhortations, and thus came the hour when the nation had finally to enter upon the struggle that will decide its fate for all time to come. All that our Luftwaffe has done since the fateful 1st of September 1939 is now a matter of history and is graven in the consciousness of every wakeful German citizen with the pen of his own experience. It was due not least to their smashing blows that megalomaniac Poland collapsed within less than one month; the campaigns in Norway and the West provided confirmation of the surpassing fighting power of our Luftwaffe, the British island trembled under the impact of their bombs, the tempestuous steps of victory accompanied the groups in the south-east of Europe, its action was displayed over the vast spaces of the ocean as equally over the deserts of Africa, and its power is shattering the agglomerated will of destruction of an alien world philosophy from Finland to the Black Sea.

Our Luftwaffe unites in itself the eye of the Supreme Command over a vast space, extending the range of artillery to undreamt-of distances, the protection of the air over the scene of operations of the army, as equally over the workshops of the home country, the destructive raids on the military, armament, and vital centres of the enemy, the "motorized batteries" and the "assault parties"—the names of honour of the anti-aircraft artillery and the parachutists. And every man of the air force, the anti-aircraft artillery, the air intelligence service, and the special formations, of which the divisions employed in ground fighting form no inconsiderable proportion, knows what he owes to the high obligations imposed on him as exemplified by the life and death of a Richthofen, Boelcke, and Immelmann, of a Mölders and Marseille. On this 30th of January 1943 the German Luftwaffe joyfully renews its confession of faith and repeats the vow to give their best and their all for the Führer, the Nation and the Fatherland.



Defence Force Day at the Reich Party Rally in 1938, which bore the name of Greater Germany. During the defence force tournament on the Zeppelinwiese at Nuremberg the heavy anti-aircraft artillery gave an exhibition of what they can do during an air raid by bombers of the Do 17 type

Below: A German bomber group on its way to England. The beginning of the great decisive struggle also brought with it the hour of trial for our Luftwaffe and it has stood the test over and over again

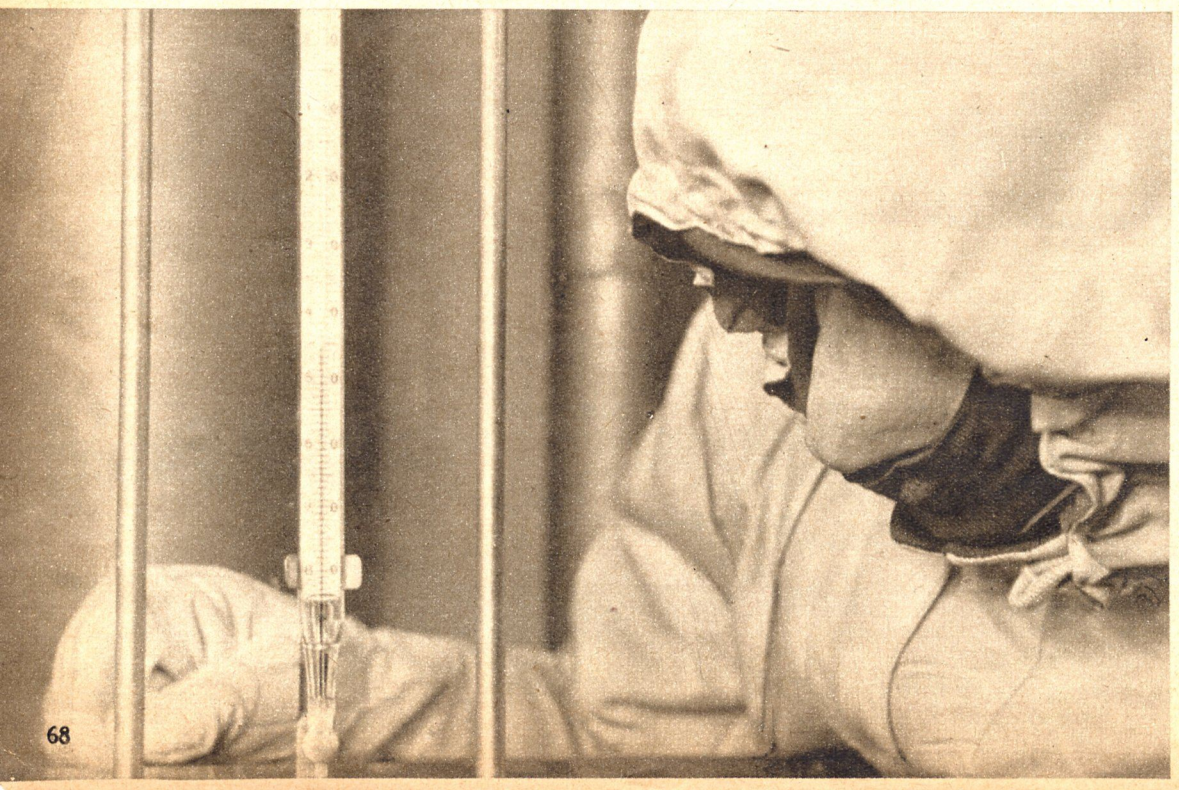


TESTED IN THE ICE WIND TUNNEL

THE NEW ADDITIONAL WINTER CLOTHING FOR THE TROOPS SERVING IN RUSSIA

The soldiers protected by the special cold- and moisture-proof clothing emerge into the open air after the test in the cold chamber. The warm air outside is immediately precipitated as a dense mist

Left: The work of preparing the new winter uniforms was carried out unswervingly at home. The rationalized working methods of the German textile industry ensured rapid production; in one factory alone 800 pairs of trousers were turned out in continuous operation in eight hours at the "trousers line". The two colours—outside green and inside white, or vice versa—demands the utmost vigilance on the part of the seamstresses



Besides having eight soles, this type of boot for winter wear has a four-ply shaft and is fitted with an exchangeable lining of straw or some such cold insulating material that can easily be changed

PK Written and photographed by

Left: The soldier in the cold chamber has just read a temperature of —45° C (50° F below zero) on the thermometer, but it continues to fall until it reaches —52° C (61° F below zero). A soldier provided with the new clothing therefore need not fear a stay even in the coldest place on earth

Hurricane test in a German aviation research wind tunnel. The icy blast with a speed of more than 85 miles an hour vents its fury on two soldiers wearing the type of clothing issued for special purposes. Although the tempest rises to such a vehemence that the men have to face it on their knees, the winter uniform does its duty and proves to be storm- and cold-proof. The body is enclosed as snugly as in a Thermos flask bottle

A head protector of wool and silk, a cap that reaches as far as the chest protector, and a face mask complete the special clothing for use in winter. The white wind and camouflage hood is then drawn then over the steel helmet

Bruno Lysak, war correspondent

Right: All winter uniforms are white on one side and green on the other, so as to adapt them skilfully to any terrain. Even the keen eyes of the enemy troops, large numbers of whom belong to primitive races who live by hunting, will find it difficult to make out this German soldier among the branches and leaves of the same colour

Right: The hooded men in white advance protected against wind and cold by face-mask and cap, cold- and water-proof boots and a warm camouflaged uniform

Hauptmann DILLEY

Oberleutnant FRANK

Oberleutnant BARKHORN

The Führer awarded the Oak Leaves to the Knighthood Cross of the Iron Cross to the following officers in grateful recognition of their heroic efforts in the struggle for the future of our nation: Hauptmann Paepcke, wing commander in a bomber group, who fell in action, Oberst Stahel, commander of an air force wing, Oberleutnant Frank, squadron leader in an assault group, Major Kupfer, wing commander in a dive-bomber group, Hauptmann Dilley, wing commander in a dive-bomber group, and Oberleutnant Barkhorn, squadron leader in a fighter group, being respectively the 154th, 169th, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, and 175th soldiers of the German forces to receive that high distinction.

MAY YOUR PEACE BE A VICTORY NIETZSCHE

HOW THEY WON THE KNIGHTHOOD CROSS

Oberst (Group Captain) Andersen, commander of an anti-aircraft regiment, defended an important supporting point in Russia with his formation and hurriedly collected army units, holding it against numerous assaults by vastly superior tank and infantry forces, whereby 43 tanks were destroyed. Major (Squadron Leader) Darjes, wing commander in an assault group, distinguished himself in two hundred flights against the enemy. The attacks flown under his leadership for the support of a tank division in the middle of August 1942 went far towards, effecting the establishment of a bridgehead and deserve special recognition. Leutnant (Pilot Officer) Roehrig, pilot in a fighter group, shot down 81 enemy planes and showed indomitable courage in numerous low-level attacks on ground targets of every description. Leutnant (Pilot Officer) Strüning, pilot in a night-fighter group, brought down nineBritish aeroplanes and destroyed six on the ground. He further shot down fourteen bombers which tried to raid German territory, among them six four-engined planes, before they were able to drop their bombs. Oberfeldwebel (Sergeant-Major) Schmitt, pilot in a long-distance reconnaissance squadron, brought back important results in the course of 260 flights over the enemy, which often had a decisive effect on the conduct of military operations. (Repeated, because the photograph of Leutnant Heinz Schmidt, wearer of the Oak Leaves was reproduced in No. 1 by mistake. Oberfeldwebel (Sergeant-Major) Schilling, pilot in a fighter group, won forty-six air victories and was severely wounded during a daring attack on Soviet assault planes. Feldwebel (Sergeant) Schweiger, leader of a fiveplane element in a fighter group, shot down fifty-two opponents in stubbornly contested air combats. Feldwebel (Sergeant) Siegler, pilot in a fighter group, shot down forty-eight machines. He met his death during the fighting in Russia.

PK photographs by Hempe, Karnath, Liedtke, Schalber (Sch 4), Seuffert (Wb 1), war correspondents, Scherl-OKW (8), and private photograph (1)

GIBRALTAR-

The fate of Gibraltar may be briefly recapitulated by quoting the following historical dates: 710 A. D.: The Moorish general Tariq ben Zaid supervises from Mons Calpe (the southern promontory of Spain) the disembarkation of his army from North Africa. July 711: Tariq's victory over the West Goths and Spaniards near Jerez de la Frontera; Mons Calpe is renamed Jebel al Tariq (Mount Tariq), which is the origin of the word Gibraltar. 1462: Gibraltar is retaken by the Spaniards. 1656: Oliver Cromwell recommends Gibraltar as British supporting point, but it was not until July 24th 1704 that Admiral Sir George Rooke hoisted the Union Jack on the castle of Gibraltar during the War of the Spanish Succession. 1779—1783: Fruitless siege of Gibraltar by a Franco-Spanish army. 1783 30th September: The treaty of Versailles finally cedes Gibraltar to England.

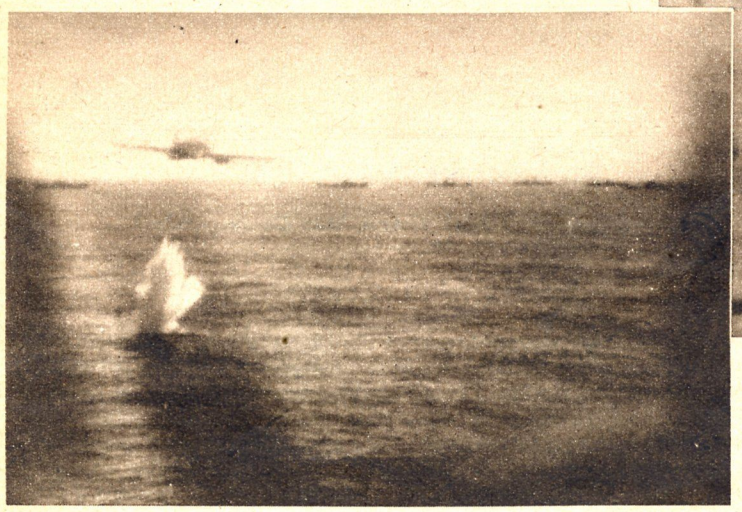
Vasquez de Mella, one of the most capable Spanish politicians and protagonist of the Hispanic idea, spoke to the following effect in one of his stirring speeches during the first World War: — "The Strait of Gibraltar unites four continents; it unites Europe with Africa and is the central point through which the great Asiatic current flows and at which the great American current gains connection with the Mediterranean countries. The Strait of Gibraltar is larger and more important than the Skagerrak and the Kattegat, more important than the Great Belt and the Little Belt, which in the final resort only form the entrance to an inland sea, which is in addition frozen over for a long period. It is more important than the Strait of Dover, which does not prevent shipping on the Atlantic and in the North Sea. It is more important than the Dardanelles, which, were they open for shipping, would only lead to an inland sea. The Strait of Gibraltar stands also far above the Panama Canal, which merely cuts through a continent. Geography, topography, and the very waves of the Strait tell us every day that here lie the gate to the Mediterranean and its key, here lies your greatness." No one could interpret in a more felicitous way the feeling that must animate every Spaniard conscious of his nationality that Gibraltar in English hands is a "dagger in the heart of Spain". Nothing could more realistically demonstrate the political and military value of this rock fortress which British propaganda has succeeded in investing with the myth of impregnability. But the saying, "as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar", with which the English were formerly fond of emphasizing the security of their position in all matters of life, has lost a very great deal of its attractive power during the present World War with its revolutionary technic.

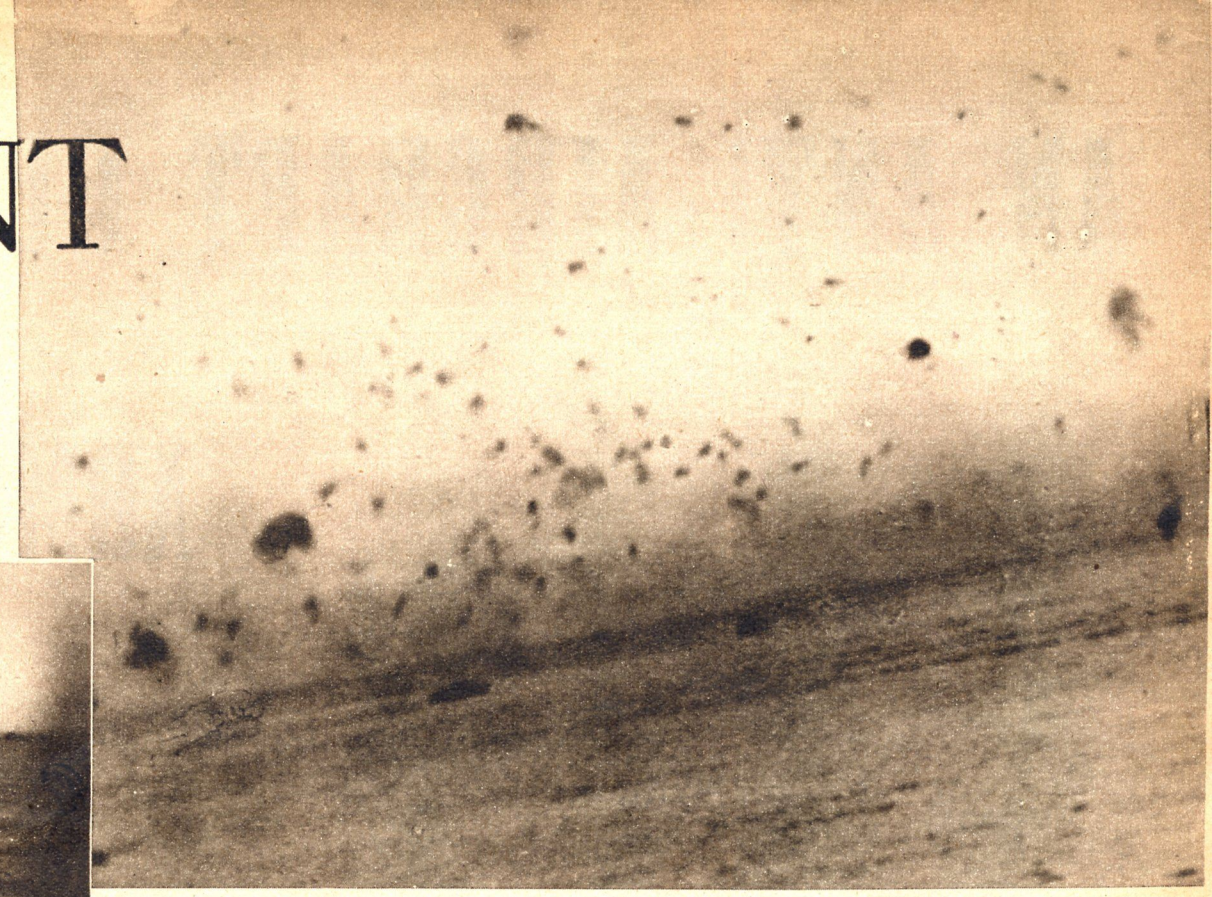
Even at a much earlier date, indeed, there were Englishmen realistic enough to see that the value of Gibralter for England must diminish in proportion as modern weapons, in particular, artillery, were developed to reach a pinnacle of highest efficiency. And the responsible authorities in London and Gibraltar itself have therefore naturally omitted nothing in their efforts to do justice to the utmost conceivable extent to the constant access of fresh knowledge to military science. The defences of the rock fortress and its naval equipment have been and still are being steadily improved. Gibraltar reacts as sensitively as a seismograph to every success gained by the Triple Pact Powers and their allies, in whatever of the wide-flung theatres of war, now scattered over the whole globe, it may have been achieved, and the reaction is naturally particularly violent when military and political changes take place in the Mediterranean area itself, such, for instance, as followed the defeat of France in the summer of 1940 and the advantages thereafter accruing to the Axis Powers both in the Atlantic, as well as in the Mediterranean area. For Gibraltar lies at the very important junction between the two oceans and the situation was made still more difficult by the fact that Spain, which is not at war, but maintains friendly relations with the Axis Powers, utilized the important chance that then presented itself to occupy the international zone round Tangier. A duplicity of events might be spoken of, did not twenty-three months full of world historical events intervene, before Gibraltar, that "characteristic of a living anachronism", was once again drawn within the ambit of military speculations in consequence of French action.

The term Strait of Gibraltar as applied to the narrow waterway between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean does not by any means accord with geographical facts, as Major-General von Abercron has pointed out, from which he drew the important conclusion that the erroneous designation signifies an advertisement for England's military power. That is to say, the corridor, 22½ miles in length, does not consist merely of the passage between the classical Pillars of Hercules (that is, the rock of Gibraltar and the Jebel Musa, or Hill of Moses, at Ceuta), but ends in the west at the Spanish Cape Trafalgar on the Pyrenean peninsula and at Cape Spartel near Tangier on the coast of North Africa. That important strait is flanked exclusively by Spanish territory, now that Spain has occupied the Tangier zone. Between Gibraltar and its "double" on the other side in Ceuta the strait is 13 miles in width and narrows to 9 miles at Tarifa, to expand again to 27 miles between Cape Trafalgar and Cape Spartel. The more correct designation of "Spanish Strait" is thoroughly to be recommended from the standpoint of military geography and for political reasons.

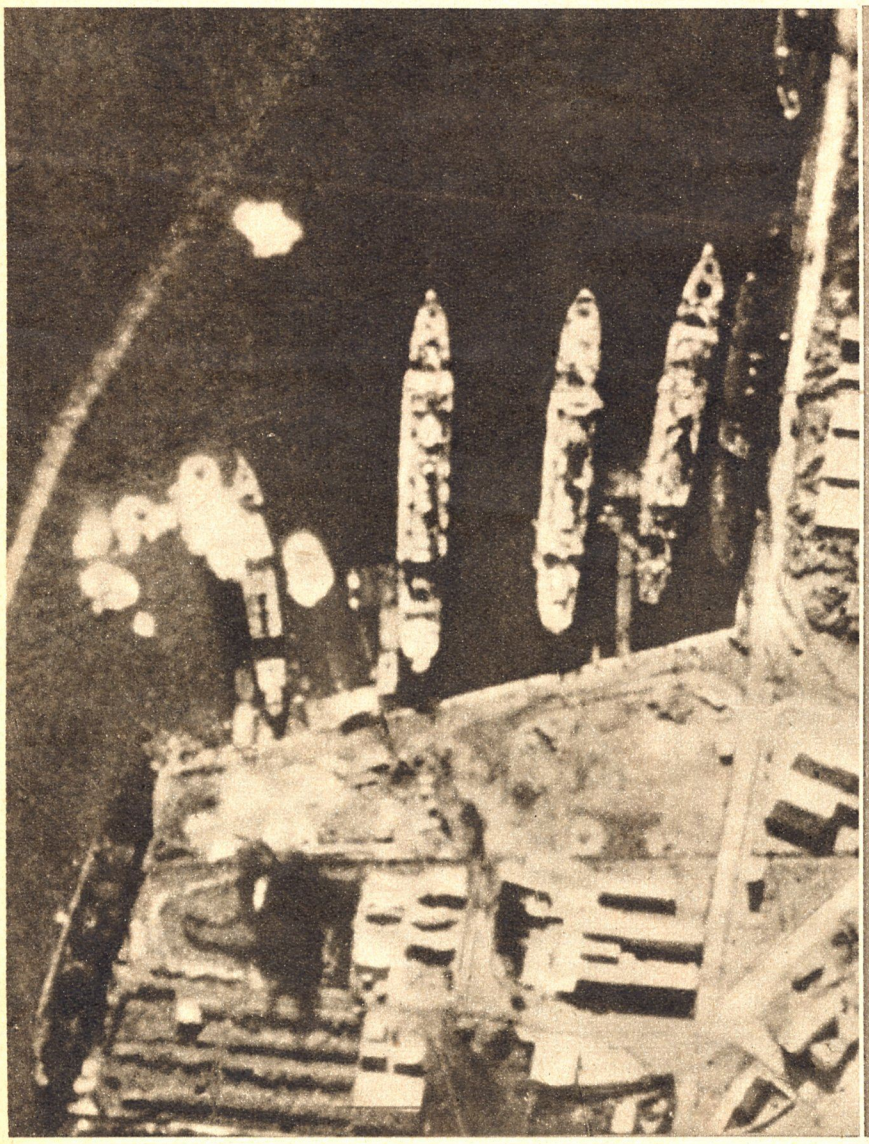
The extreme length of the Rock is only a little over 2½ miles with a maximum width of 1,550 yards, and the Crown Colony occupies the eastern side of the Bay of Algeciras. The whole area is really a little peninsula which, however, has been converted by the English for reasons of safety during the present war into an Island by digging a trench across it. The Rock rises to a height of 1,396 feet above sea level. The eastern slope has no flat shore and consequently no landing base. On the north side a low sandy plain 13 miles in width and 2 miles in length connects the Rock with the Spanish mainland, which is separated from the British Colony by a neutral zone about 550 yards in width. The limestone massif falls in terraces to the west and south. The town is situated on these terraces in the northern third

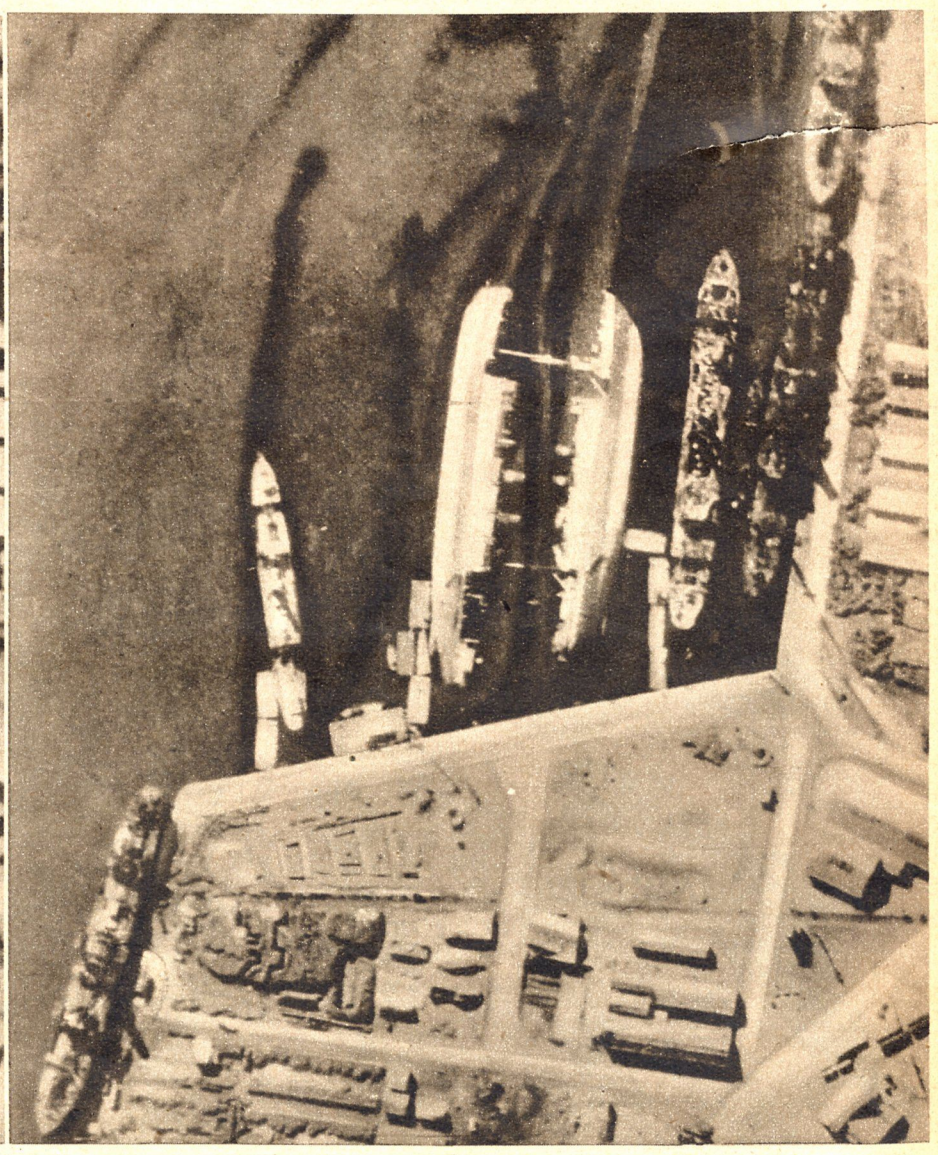
UMPHANT
CES





The British convoy is hugging the coast and becomes aware at the last moment of the approach of the Italian formation. A dense barrage of anti-aircraft shells is laid round the ships and the air "contains a high percentage of iron", as airmen with grim humour express it. But the Italian pilots steer unswervingly for their targets. — Left: The leading plane has singled out the first steamer of the fleet of troop transporters and is flying towards it at a very low level





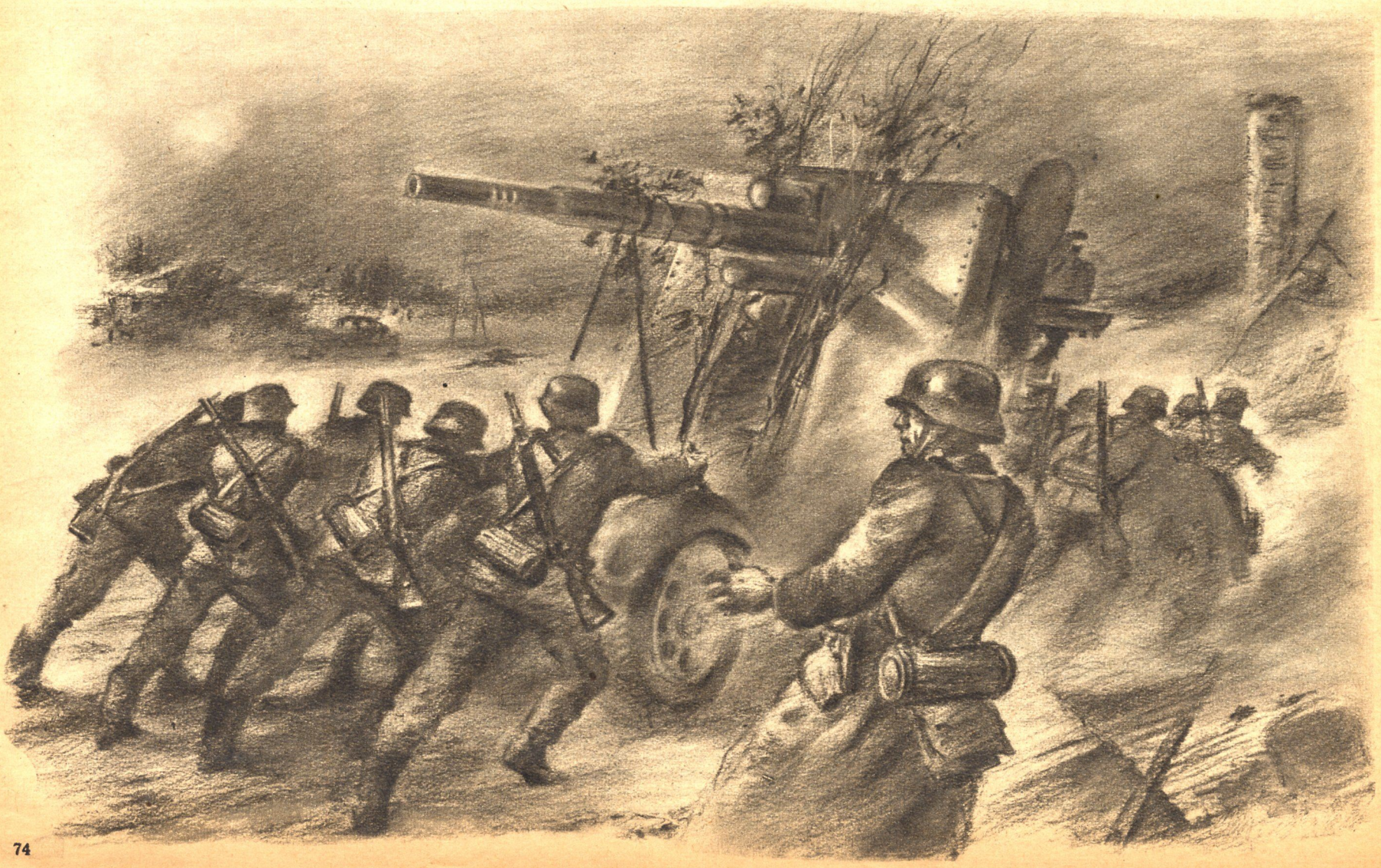
The harbour of Bougie, where the British repeatedly try to land men and materials, has for weeks past been the common objective of the German and Italian bomber formations. Two photographs, one taken during a raid and the other afterwards, show how successful the Italian bombers have been. Left: The harbour in the midst of the hail of bombs. One ship has received a full hit right away and the quay has also been badly damaged. Right: This photograph was taken later by an Italian reconnaissance pilot and proves that the raid has been thoroughly successful. Two of the big troop transporters have capsized, after having been hit, and are lying side by side, one funnel beside the other. The other ships have also been more or less badly damaged and are unable to leave the port under steam, being compelled to remain as targets for further raids by the air forces of the Axis Powers

AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN DESTROYS TWO ARMOURED TRAINS

Drawings by Martin Guhl

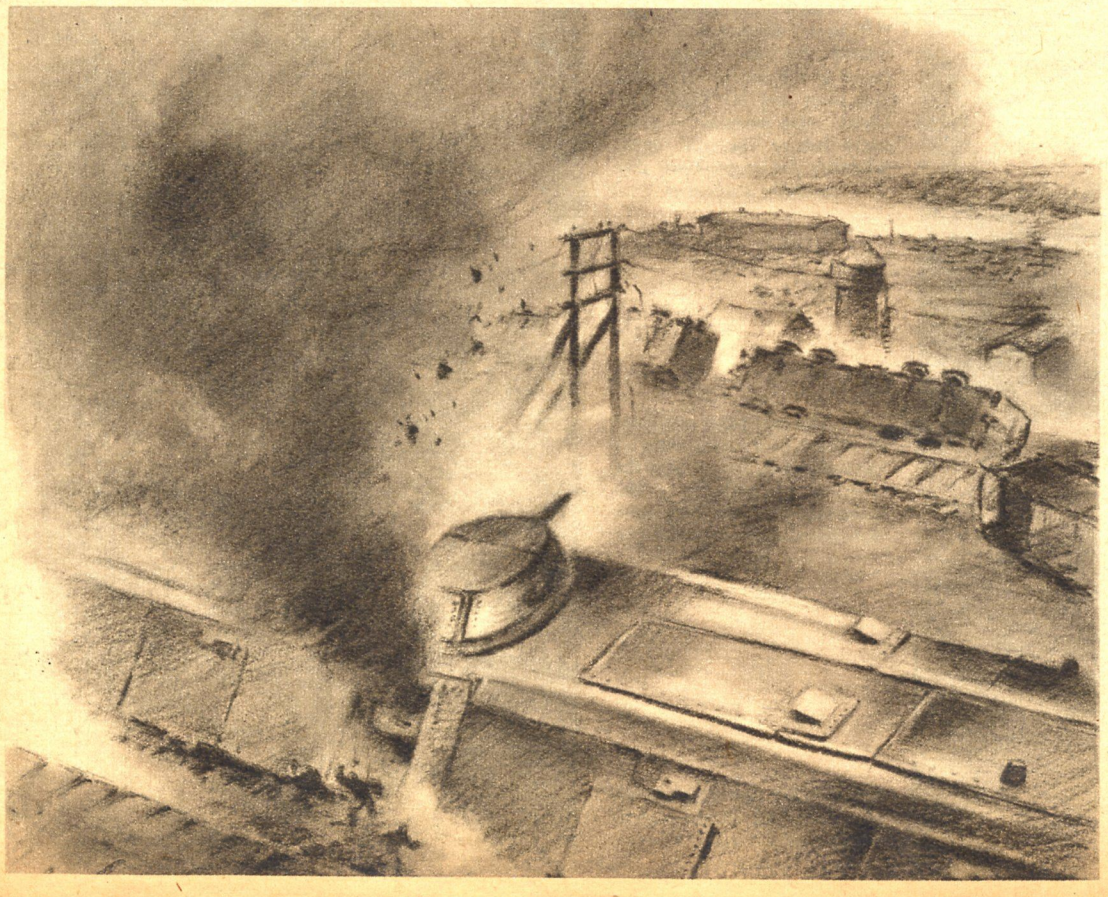
from a report by Karl Viertel, War Correspondent

The sheds and loading equipment lying at the edge of the harbour basin with its surrounding moles had been shattered by gunfire. Darkness fell swiftly upon the ruins, while the rumble of heavy artillery was borne from the foothills of the Caucasus at regular intervals. Lieutenant O., tactical gun captain of an advanced party of anti-aircraft artillery, gazes long and earnestly through his field glass in the direction where he knew the enemy to be concealed, although so difficult to make out. "I should just like to know", he said, drawing a deep breath, "what that is. It keeps moving about. Can it really be cupolas and gun barrels?" Once more he raises his binoculars and suddenly exclaims, "Why, of course! Armoured trains. Two of them side by side. The Russians retire into the tunnel at the right there after every burst of fire." Getting to his feet, he orders the gun crew to prepare for a change of position, the advance to be made during the night.



Lieutenant O. accurately locates the target, gunner No. 2 repeats the command, then follow loading and the order to open fire—all that is the work of seconds. The enemy engine receives the first hit, steam escapes with a furious hissing. The gun is once more sighted and the second round is followed by a tremendous explosion, the sudden jet of flame showing that the ammunition wagon had been hit. Now for the cupolas! The armoured train can neither advance nor retreat. Five armour-piercing shells serve to convert armoured train No. 1 into a blazing pile of debris emitting dense clouds of smoke.

The Russians have meanwhile located the position of the gun, which is now receiving unpleasantly well-aimed fire from machine-guns and trench mortars situated in a nearby cement factory. An ammunition gunner is hit and collapses. His comrades quickly carry him into safety. Lieutenant O. orders the cease fire and climbs to an observation post in the second story of a house. Then he calls to his gun captain to come up. "See here", he says, "You can't see the second armoured train from where your gun is standing, but you simply cannot miss it, if you aim at the telegraph pole at the left of the shed over there. Understand?" "Telegraph pole as auxiliary target! I understand, sir."

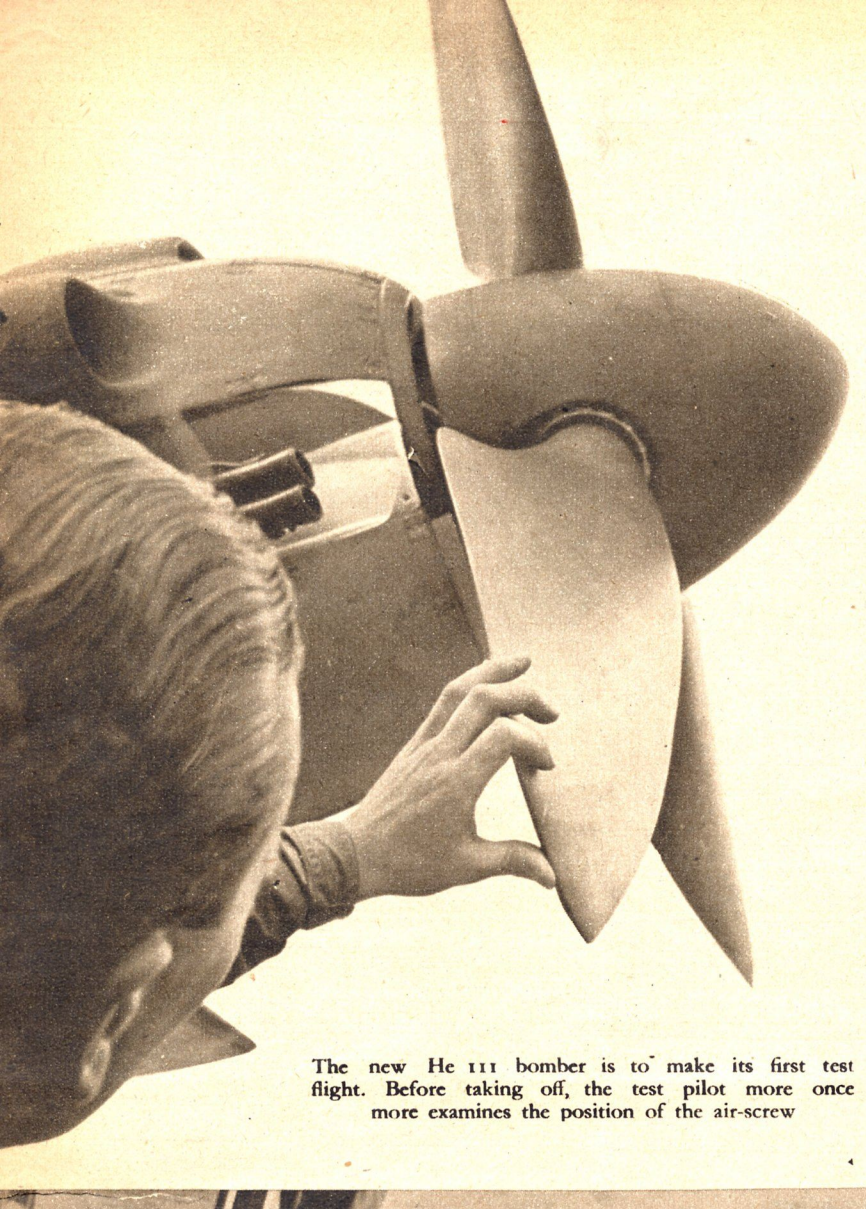


The two still undamaged cupolas of the second armoured train are firing wildly in all directions. But the "Berta" gun does not give up the tussle. Ten minutes later it fires another four rounds and then there is a further interval, during which one of the armoured cupolas of the stubborn enemy keeps up its fire. "It can't be helped, boys. We must give 'em another dose." The gunners crouch low, as they jump to their positions at the gun. Fire! Load! Fire! At last! Nothing more is to be heard from the other side, but joyous yells from the infantry close by proclaim their relief. Two enemy armoured trains have been destroyed.

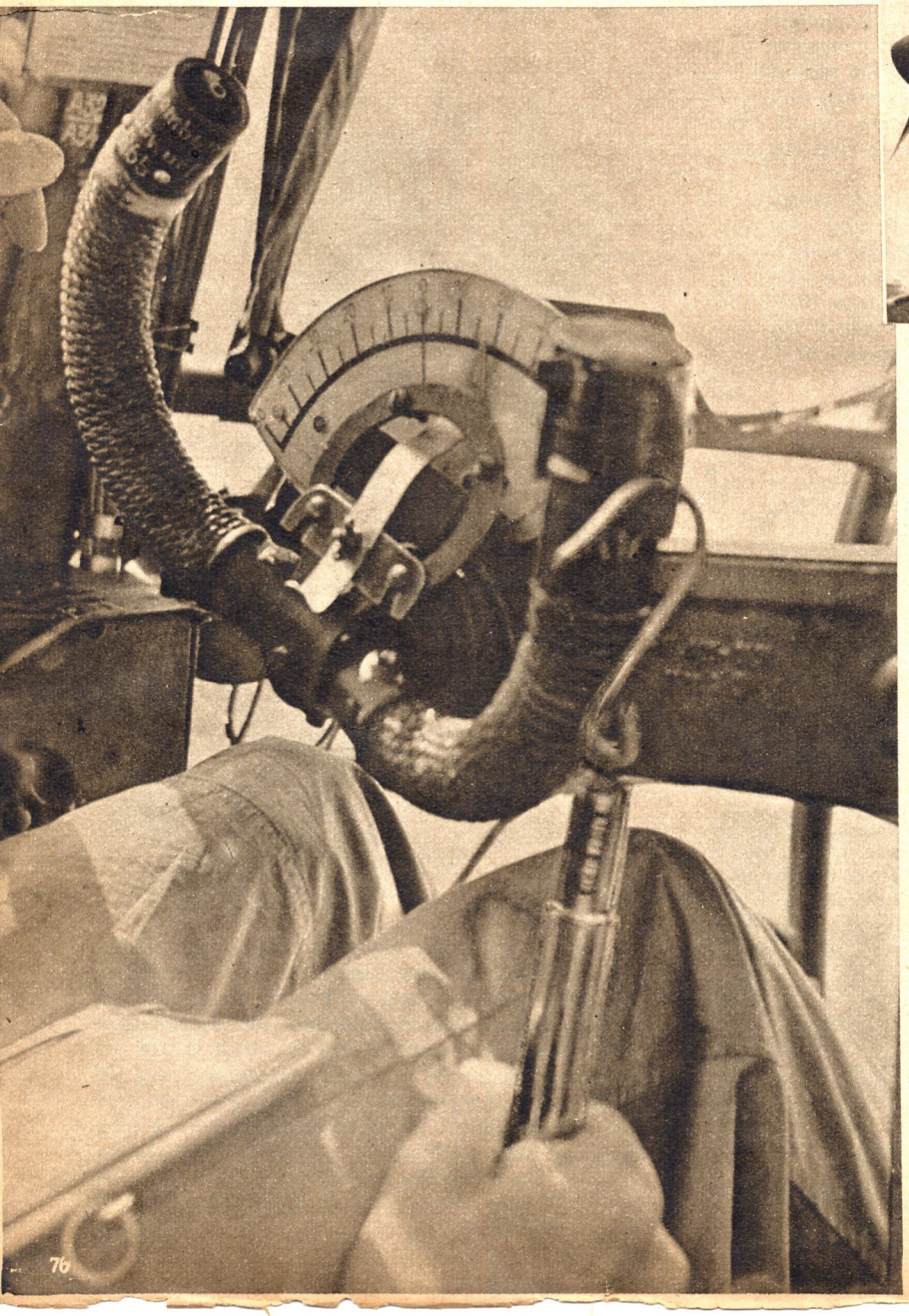
The First Te

The Work of the Test Pilot –

The fitters are busy putting the finishing touches to the He 111 bomber in the big erection shed. Inspectors have examined the machine down to the tiniest detail, because stringent inspection is the sole guarantee of maximum safety for the buildier's flight and for the subsequent work done by the plane at the front. The huge shed doors open wide and a tractor draws the heavy bomber to the aerodrome, where a beginning is made by first testing the engine. Having thoroughly examined the various parts of the power plant and assured himself that the electrical equipment is in perfect working order, the test pilot can begin his work. Although he knows in a general way from his experience with other machines of the same series how they may be expected to behave in the air, still there is no guarantee that the complicated assembly of devices that alone enable modern machines to display their full performance will work harmoniously together. It is left to his flying skill immediately to diagnose correctly the causes of any slight defects that may appear and to have them remedied at once. The plane is at disposal for further use only when certified to be in perfect working order. The stringent testing to which it is subjected on its tri I flight gives the flying personnel the assurance and therewith also the certainty that they can accomplish any task that may be entrusted to them

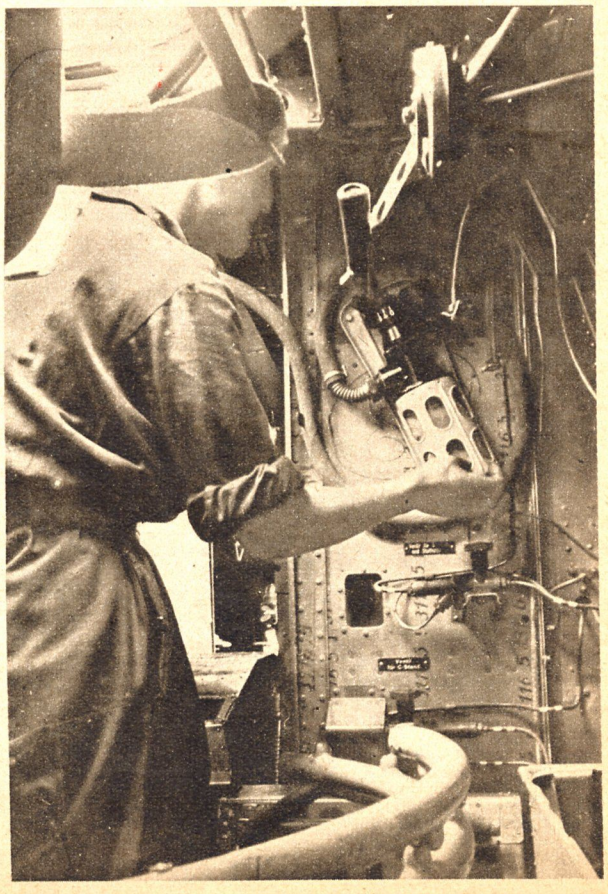


The new He 111 bomber is to make its first test flight. Before taking off, the test pilot more once more examines the position of the air-screw



Although the plane has been thoroughly examined by the inspectors down to the tiniest detail, the test pilot and his flight mechanic also examine it minutely before the trial flight, whereby the engines are also carefully inspected

Left: The test pilot measures by means of a spring balance the force required to turn the steering spectacle to a definite extent. That force must not exceed a certain prescribed limit



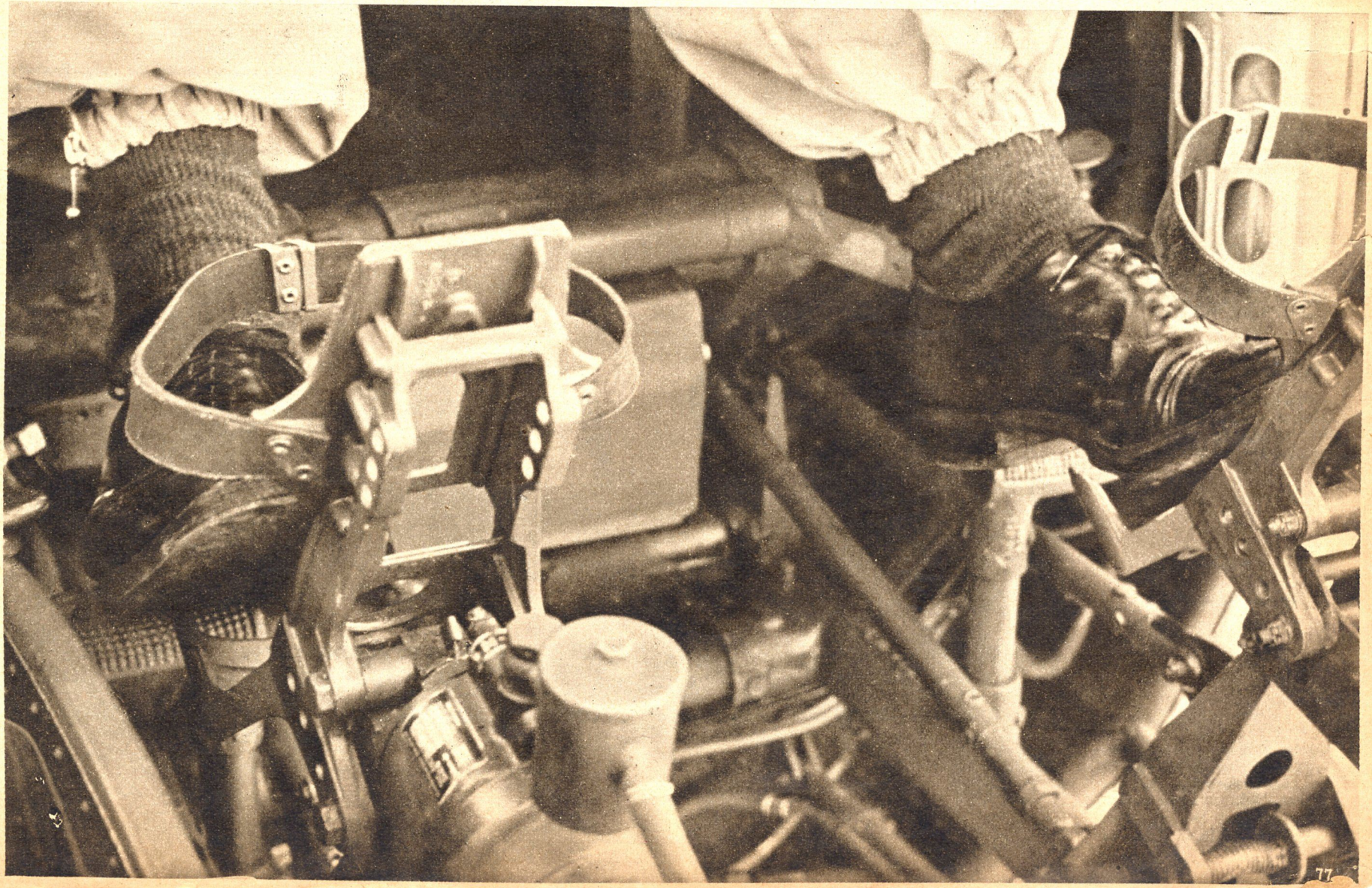
Right: All the weapons are also included in the careful examination made before taking off

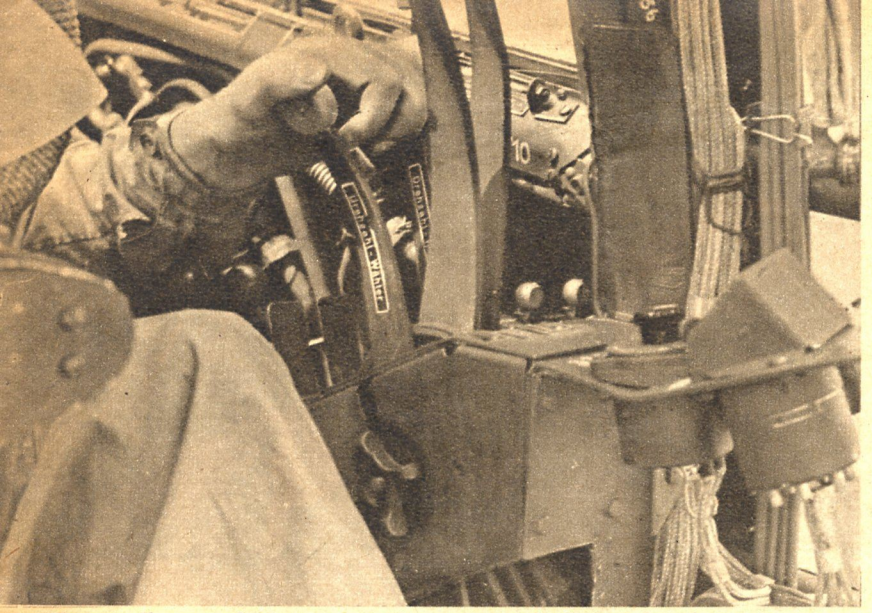
st Flight

Aircraft Inspection

The new machine is in the air for the first time. It now remains to be seen whether all the instruments are accurately adjusted to one another and whether the airman has his machine completely in hand. The first builder's flight demands the utmost concentration on the part of the test pilot and his mechanic. All observations made and incidents are immediately written down. Left: The test pilot must have his eyes everywhere and must also pay attention to the weather conditions, because the flight takes place at the most diverse altitudes and occupies a considerable time

Below: View of the pedals of the machine during flight. The test pilot buckles them firmly to his feet, so that he can perceive with greater certainty by feel and touch whether they are working easily

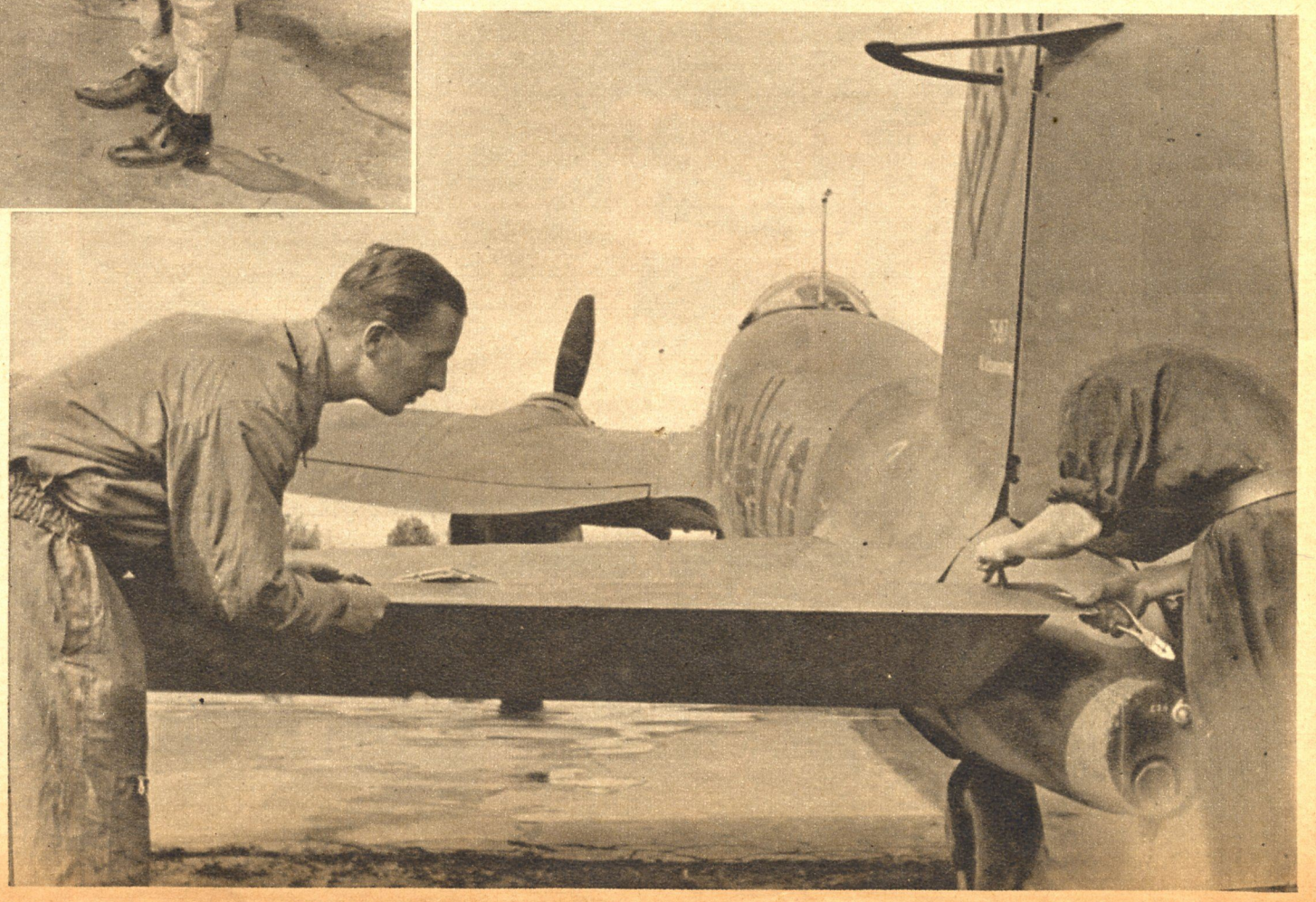




The test pilot must further pay attention to the manipulation of the levers, because every lever must obey light pressure of the hand

"Well, what was wrong with the bus?" The test pilot and his mechanic exchange experiences after landing and then go into their observations thoroughly with the plant foreman

The flight mechanic watches over the familiar sound of the engines during the flight. Precisely the power plant is exposed to the most diverse conditions of load and must run at any altitude without causing trouble

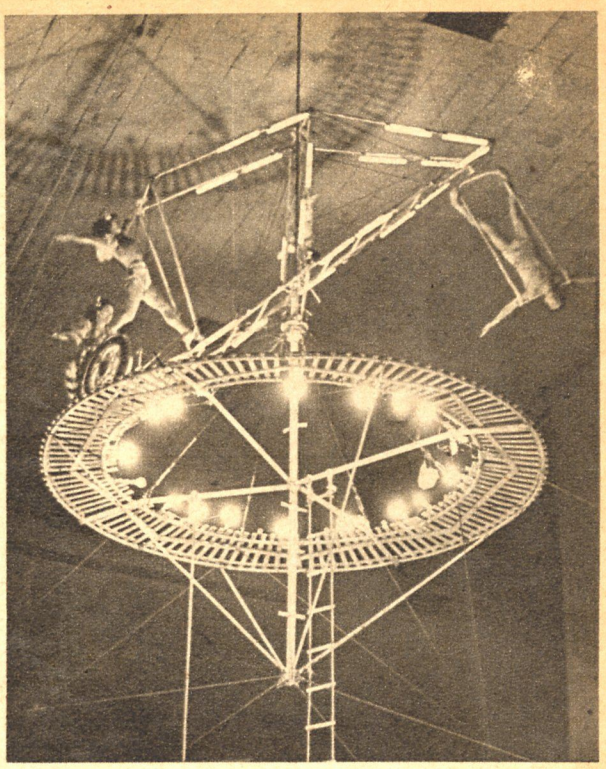


Photographs by Weltbild

Right: Defects and troubles detected during flight must be immediately remedied. The test pilot also helps to repair a slight defect on the rear elevator, which was inclined to be rather sticky

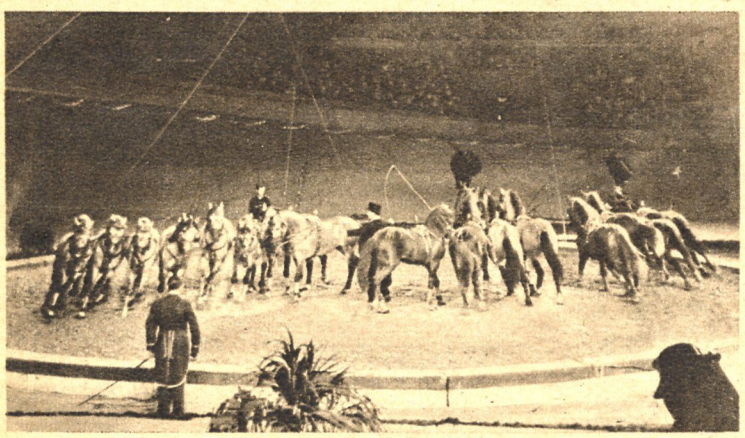
This great circus entertainment was shown in the Deutschlandhalle, Berlin, for the seventh time under the title of "Menschen — Tiere — Se sationen" and once again provided a whole series of new and sensational attractions.
Left: A couple of French artistes in a breathtaking act, known as the "Magnetic Star"

Photographs by Dr. H. Franz



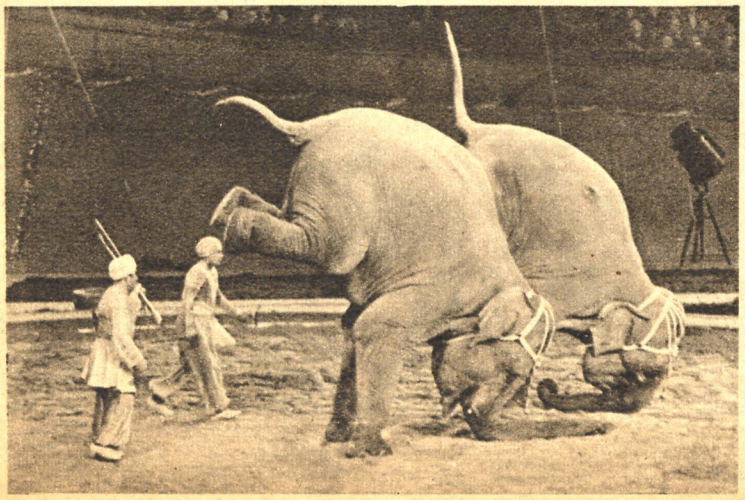
Cimse and Co. (Latvia) present a sensational motor cycle act in the air. The very ascent of the artistes under the beams of the searchlights provides a thrill. Steered by a woman, the motor cycle rushes swiftly round a narrow circular track, while her partners are whirled through the air by the centrifugal force of the cycle

Men — Animals — Sensational Feats



Alfred Petoletti (Sweden) shows sixteen magnificent, wonderfully trained "Original Berber Horses of Freedom". Carl Hagenbeck's Circus provided the programme with this and the other animal acts

Below: The trainer Hugo Schmidt showed how his elephants can do unusual tricks with skilful, almost graceful movements, although these pachyderms are otherwise clumsy looking brutes



Twixt Play

Even an infant that is not yet able to toddle will dance to express its pleasure; eyes and voice are not sufficient to work off its delighted tension at the sight of some person or object dear to it and its arms and legs must take a share in its pleasure. The deeper meaning of all genuine dancing, however, is actually the relief of emotional stress—whether it be joy or p in—by physical relaxation. Thus many children's games are unconscious danc-

Behind the curtain the little folk are hardly to be restrained, but even the youngest, when placed in front of it (below and right), feel that they have to do something, now that they must rely on themselves for a few minutes, and that even the merriest dance can never be a success without diligence and discipline

and Dance

ing. But as soon as man begins to move in a conscious way there sets in also the danger of physical and therewith also of physical exaggeration. It must therefore be the highest aim of every school of dancing to preserve to young people their original inner freedom by dancing. Our illustrations show scenes from performances by the Mary Zimmermann school of dancing for children

A duet rehearsal. The chief thing to be learnt here is to be able to adapt oneself, which is at first, like everything else in life, not quite so easy

Right: The musical cue will be given in the next moment and then thoughts and legs must pull themselves together

Left: These tiny ballet dancers are still as awkward as young foals, but they can already feel the lure of the music, which is quite a step forward

Photographs
Münchener Bildbericht

This child expresses its sensations altogether without exaggeration. The dancing school in that way becomes a school of life for the children

The Unbending will of the Bomber Pilot

PK We had a stranger as guest in the mess today, a room that had been fitted up with loving care in the rather questionable barracks of the former Soviet aerodrome to form an oasis of peace in the general cheerlessness of the surroundings. It was not merely the fact that he was wearing the Knighthood Cross to the Iron Cross that compelled one to glance over and over again at Sergeant-Major Henning; for the lean, rather haggard features beneath his smoothly parted blond hair would have attracted attention without the high distinction, though it would have been difficult to say whether it was his penetrating blue eyes, his almost hard mouth, the masterful, stubborn chin, or all these together that commanded attention. But the very first glimpse revealed to the observer that this modest soldier with his friendly smile must be a personality of special quality.

He told us gaily, but briefly, of his spell of leave just over, which he had spent with his young wife. "It was wonderfully fine, if only one had not had to talk so much. Everybody wants to know how many planes I had shot down and is much disappointed, when I have to admit that the number totals only one—and that I did not bring down myself, but my gunner. It happened during one of our numerous dive-bomber raids on a railway station, when a crowd of Russian fighter planes were after us. One of them banked steeply and got in the way of our guns—one long burst of fire, and he was out of the running."

To hear that an ace has shot down forty enemy planes gives one a clear and tangible notion of his work, but when one learns that the pilot of a bomber, such as Sergeant-Major Henning, has carried out 334 raids in four theatres of war, that is of course a figure that inspires even those who know nothing about the matter with the utmost respect, but a layman can really form no proper conception of what it actually means. Forty or eighty victories in air combat are a definite measure of the success of a fighter pilot, as weakening the other side by the loss of material and fighting power. Railway trains to the number of twenty-three, one hundred vehicles of every description, three anti-aircraft batteries, and a considerable number of artillery positions put out of action—to mention merely a few figures on the list of the successes of this gallant bomber pilot—are certainly also very definite conceptions, but even these figures convey little impression of the actual achievements therein involved to any one who has himself no experience of his own in such matters. Every schoolboy of the present day who hears of the forty or eighty opponents shot down by an ace can form a definite notion of the breathless seconds of air combat with equally powerful or more powerful opponents, moments of the wildest daredevilry and maximum fighting spirit, in brief, the idea of heroic fighting and conquering a foeman who is sitting at the joystick of his machine with the selfsame intention of destruction and the same sangfroid.

It is not only that the actual personal success of a bomber pilot is much more difficult to determine; a layman, in particular, has no conception of an attack on an opponent who defends himself to the last and yet, in spite of that, is destroyed, and has therefore no appreciation of the specially heroic achievement for which such a high distinction as the Knight Cross is mainly awarded. The attack on a hostile warship firing with all its guns and its ensuing destruction may directly illustrate that conception, but it is such a comparatively rare occurrence that it cannot be held to be a general measure of the heroic achievement of bombing from the air.

One of the aspects of his prowess that made Sergeant-Major Henning capable of such outstanding achievements is his skill as airman. The leaders of his formation recognized that already during the campaign in Poland, where his wing mainly raided aerodromes and enemy columns, in the destruction of which Sergeant-Major Henning took a decisive part. In that way he was always entrusted during the war in the west with the task of leading the last flight of the formation. Even a layman will be able to appreciate that that task frequently demands flying skill of the highest order, because the last flight is always the first to be attacked by enemy fighters and is exposed to the brunt of the anti-aircraft artillery fire, and yet must fly in such a way that the other planes can carry out their mission without hindrance and must not allow itself to be diverted by anything.

The requirement of affording cover, come what may, and thereby taking up as far as possible such a position that attacking planes come within the concentrated fire of the whole formation, sometimes simply drawing the enemy fire on oneself, occasionally calls for feats that might well be thought impossible. Henning's wing was one day engaged in bombing a fort near Dunkirk, his flight, as always, bringing up the rear of the formation. Two Spitfire fighters suddenly swooped from the clouds and the wireless operator was killed at the first onslaught, while one engine was immediately shot to pieces and caught fire. The Do 17 bomber began to fall behind the others and was alone in the sky. The simplest way out of the difficulty would have been to bale out, but Henning did not give the order, because the English fighters would then have attacked the other aeroplanes. Although wounded in the shoulder, he continued his flight and the rest of his crew kept up a brisk fire on the English machines. The engine ceased to burn, the machine sank lower and lower, but Henning flew dauntlessly, while the other two of the crew still kept up their fire, until the Tommies had exhausted all their ammunition and had to sheer off. Sergeant-Major Henning covered 85 miles with one engine after the first attack, under fire almost the whole way, until he was finally able to make a belly landing with two hundred hits at the first German position. He had the splinters extracted from his shoulder at a field hospital and the wound dressed: one week later he took part again in a big raid.

One engine of his Ju 88 was hit by an anti-aircraft shell during a dive on a railway station in Russia, but he continued the dive, in spite of that, dropped his bombs on the trains and also straightened out properly, to find himself attacked by three enemy fighters, 120 miles behind the Soviet front. In spite of all odds, he did not abandon the struggle. With the same calmness and coolness he had displayed eighteen months previously in France, he turned and twisted his machine this way and that, until his crew had spent their very last cartridge. Finally the Russians had exhausted their ammunition too, and he reached the German lines without further mishap.

Sergeant-Major Henning and his flight have been over and over again entrusted with the task of smashing enemy preparations for attack by engaging the troops at a low level

PK drawings by Ellgaard, war correspondent

That same unbending will and his sense of duty guided him in many another enterprise also. He did his duty in the way that originates in the decision of the man himself, in a way that no word of command can compel one to do, as shown by numerous incidents, as for instance during repeated attacks on railway communications several hundred miles behind the enemy front, when he flies once more over the target where he has dropped his bombs, in spite of the anti-aircraft artillery, which is now firing furiously and wildly, in order to see the result for himself and give his gunner a chance to take a few photographs from which the high command can see how much material has been destroyed and gauge the probable effect on the supplies for the enemy front.

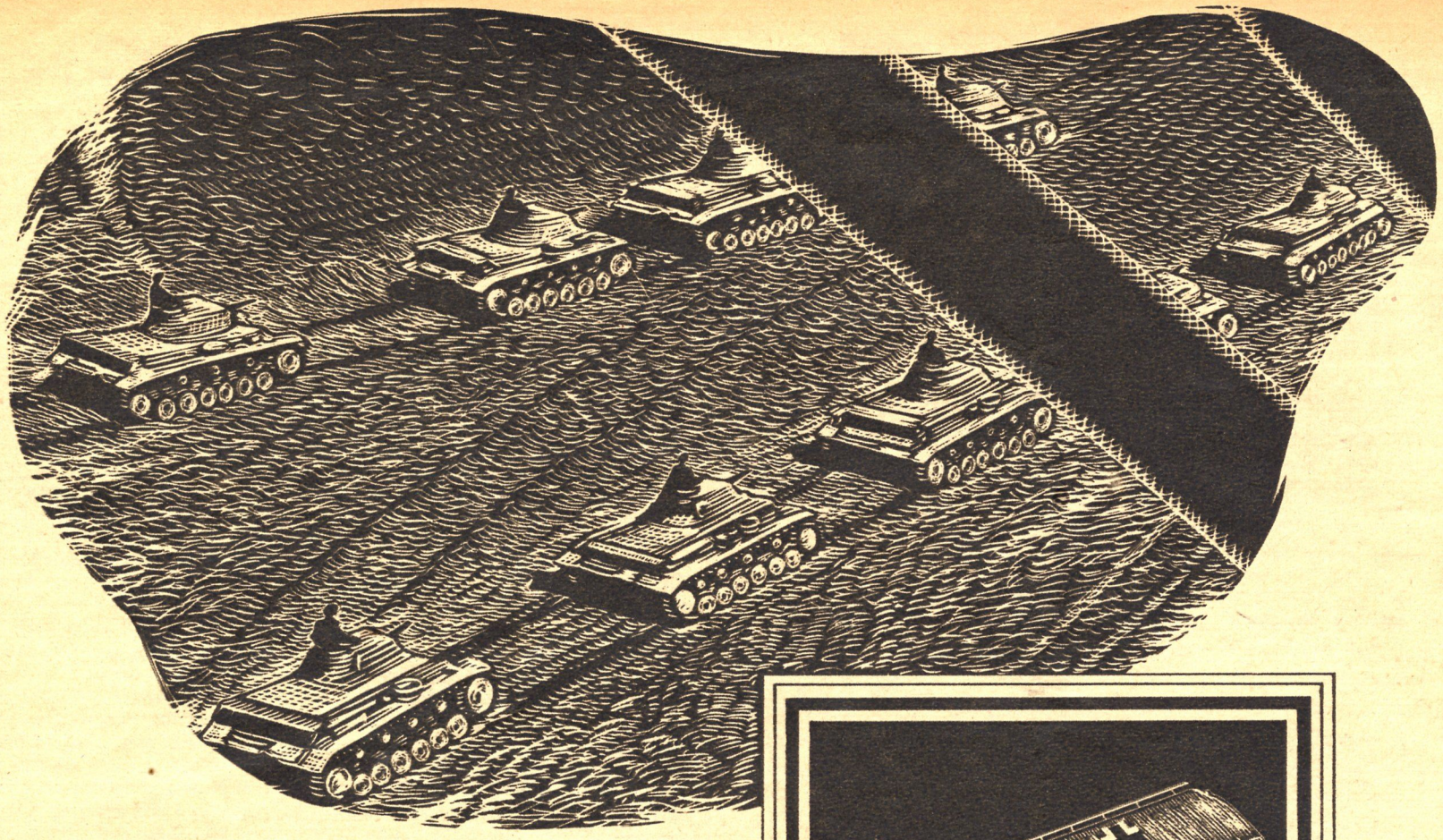
But the whole secret does not lie in daredevilry, unbending determination, and flying skill alone. On one occasion, when he raided an aerodrome in England, Sergeant-Major Henning was really meant to destroy a factory in another district. But weather conditions were bad and the protecting clouds expected were not met with and the prospects of success were very feeble. The apparently so reckless pilot had also the courage of cool calculation to break off the projected raid and bomb another objective.

The combination of all these characteristics led him to those great successes during individual daylight raids on the London Docks, on English aerodromes, on important bridges and railway junctions in Russia which came to be more and more strongly defended by anti-aircraft artillery, on anti-aircraft and coastal batteries on the islands of Oesel and Moon in the Baltic, where he carried out twelve raids in three days. These same characteristics enabled him to take a decisive part, although it can of course never be precisely calculated, in the successful attacks carried out often by hundreds of planes on his twenty-five night raids on London, on the repeated night raids on Plymouth Liverpool, Belfast, Glasgow, Coventry, Sheffield, and the various other centres of British industry.

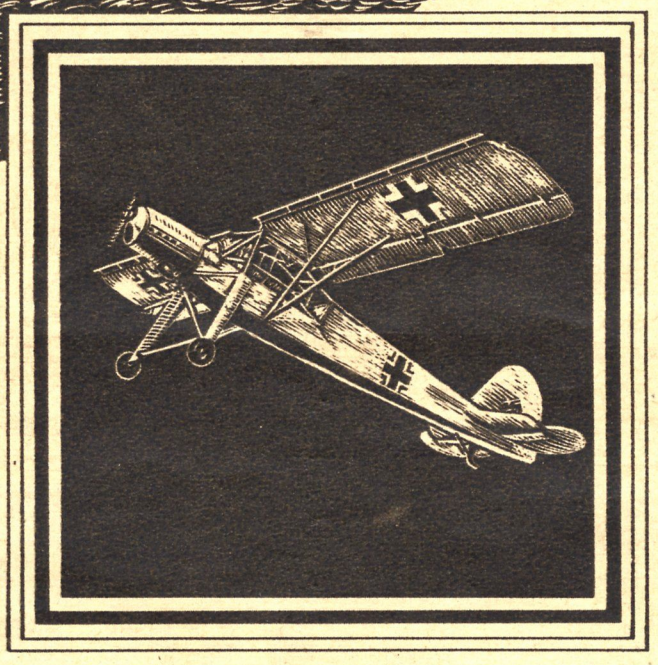
It was precisely these qualities that enabled him to lead his flight in a large number of low-level attacks on troops in such a way that it was possible to stop in time the enemy preparations for an attack on an important point of the northern section of the front in Russia last summer. The achievements of a bomber pilot are team achievements to a greater degree than elsewhere in aviation. It is ever and always the spirit and superior will of an individual which lead the crew of a plane or a whole formation to victory.

By Dr. Helmut Pessl, war correspondent

The Ju 88 is flying at a low altitude and drops its bombs right into the midst of a "traffic jam" of Soviet supply columns at a bridge



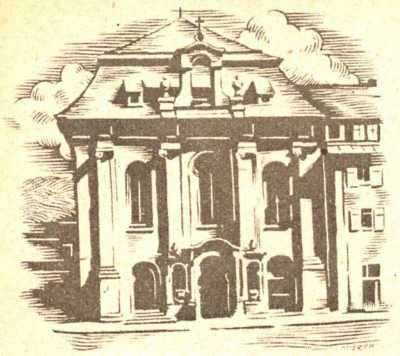
Advancing tanks as viewed from the Fieseler "Stork"



Take off and land everywhere

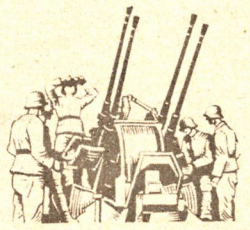
The war in the open field on the large scale which characterises modern German warfare, requires special means in order to permit the acquisition of accurate knowledge of the doings and the transmission of orders to the fighting troops even in the most advanced positions. The ideal plane for making such connections in the German forces, due to its unique flying properties permitting to take off and land everywhere, is the "Fieseler Stork", a creation of

GERHARD FIESELER WERKE G·M·B·H KASSEL



In these monastery premises hailing from the later part of the 18th century the Royal Wurttemberg Rifle Factory had been established in Oberndorf, a small town on the banks of the river Neckar, since 1811. An employee in this establishment was a gunsmith by the name of Franz Andreas Mauser, the father of the pair of brothers Wilhelm and Paul Mauser, who were to become so famous in their time. Their first great success which made the name of Mauser renowned all over the globe, was the introduction of a rifle of their design, the infantry rifle M/71 which was adopted by the German Army in 1871 as the standard armament. This pattern, improved upon and converted into a repeating gun, by the incessantly active inventors, was adopted in 1884 as the weapon of the German soldier. The development of the Mauser rifle led to perfection in the shape of the world-renowned 98 pattern which up this day—through more than 40 years—is unsurpassed in efficiency.

When again, as during the first World War, the Mauser 98 rifle is today the faithful comrade of the German infantry, on its road to victory, it is yet a matter of course, that the Mauser Works have not rested upon their laurels. Scores of years of experience in the manufacture of arms and ardent industry supported by the modern research laboratory devoted to the study of small arms, resulted in the designing of weapons of the most modern nature. The result of these efforts are machine-guns which, used on the ground, on board of aircraft and in defense against aircraft and employed by the army, navy, and air force are once again proving the high quality and efficiency of Mauser arms in the fight for the future of Europe.



MAUSER

MAUSER-WERKE A·G

The Old Days When Our Captain Was Still With Us

Portrait of the Commander of a Bomber Wing

By Erwin Kirchhof, War Correspondent

PK Heaving a sigh, the sergeant-major pushes aside to the left the numerous files still awaiting collation. Just then the door opens and a blond head appears with the cheery invitation, "Come along, fathead! It's one in the morning and time for bed." "Get out, you chump", was the reply. "I must get finished with this stuff; the commander wants his report by tomorrow noon."

The sergeant-major reaches for another file containing the reports of the results of the bomber wing for a whole month, and once more notes the number of bombs dropped. The he stops short, pushes the file aside, and lights a cigarette, staring contemplatively into the darkness, resting his head on his right hand. There is the name again; the name of the man in whose hands his life had lain so often, captain and commander, who had presented them all with so much that they still live on his inheritance.

Wittmer—what sensations these few letters call to life. It even hurts a little, somewhere in the breast, to think of him. He is not missing, nor is he dead, but is working, although far off, on the general staff of an air fleet.

And yet—Captain, I can still see you, as if it were only yesterday, standing before us on the evening before the 22nd of June, reading the Führer's proclamation. Although we had some idea that the first, real war was now going to begin, and that all the fighting hitherto had been mere campaigns, I could read in the eyes of my comrades that we rejoiced and were full of pride and delight. For you stood there like a Teutonic chieftain before his warriors, hard and exacting, yet a great-hearted comrade and leader, ready to precede us and share every danger with us. During those minutes when we took fire at your will and the flame began to burn brightly within us, we felt ourselves at one with you and that so strongly that poor Bachmann, as he lay mortally wounded on the operating table could say, "Exert yourself a bit, doctor! The captain needs me."

And then at 3 in the morning—never shall I forget those hours either; the first low-level raid on Soviet aerodromes, the thrust into a country as unknown to us as the most malignant jungle in Burma. We four of your crew, Schmidt, Achatz, Körgel, and Wandel, were sitting full of excitement in the machine, as were probably all our comrades at that thrilling hour. It was assuredly not our first flight over the enemy; more than sixty times we had already flown over England. But who among us knew what things looked like over the frontier, or how the Bolshevists would receive us. But you, our captain, flew the Heinkel bomber with an imperturbable calm, as if we were flying to a bomb practice ground. And over the frontier, over the gigantic fire-spewing belt many miles in length, where the drum-fire of the artillery was paving the way for the dash by the courageous infantry and countless large and small guns were raging in a fury of destruction, you called on us with strangely glistening eyes, "Sing, boys, sing something. We'll never have such an experience again. The biggest army in the history of the world is beginning its advance down there."

We sang vociferously, whatever it was, roaring till the receivers hummed. Never shall I forget the effect.

A hand is laid on the sergeant-major's shoulder. "What are you dreaming about, old top? Excuse me, I don't want to disturb your reflections, but have you got a gasper about you? I just can't sleep." "Come along, Fred, take a seat. I was just indulging in recollections and was thinking a bit about our captain. It's such a long time since we flew the first raid with him against the Bolshies. Do you remember?" "Don't I just! That was a mad time. I've often seen them in my dreams, those twenty-four bull-necked Ratas, and how they tried to bring us down from all sides during the raid. Chiefly that cheeky cuss who came at us from behind and below to polish us off. You must know all about that too, how I twigged his dodge from the wireless operator's seat and warned the captain." "I should rather say I do. The captain let the speedy, manoeuverable Russian come up and swooped on him like a vulture, as he passed underneath our left wing. I was then able to turn him into a mass of flames with my little cannon."

After a pause, the other sergeant-major addressed as Fred spoke again. "Do you still remember how the captain celebrated with us his golden front flight badge, his one hundred and tenth raid, his fortieth flight in Russia, and the anniversary of the first year's existence of our crew as a team? That was a damned ticklish job too, his one hundred and tenth flight. D'you remember, just before that little wood near Uman it was, where the big battle of encirclement took place later. The Russians had entrenched themselves there in well-built positions and were so heavily armed that the infantry could make no progress. The captain called all the machines together here and was the first to take the floor. We attacked five times at a level of hardly more than thirty feet and shot up machine-gun nests, anti-tank gun and artillery positions, until the Russian anti-aircraft defence caught us in the right wing with a direct hit and we thought it was all up. What did the captain call to us, as we flew over the infantry point? What was it again? Oh! I remember now. 'Just look at the lads down there', he said. 'They're flinging their guns in the air for delight. Come on, we'll take the old bus home and attack once more with the Anton.' With our last ounce of power we did get home, changed into the 'Anton', and then once more got a direct hit in the right engine and the fuselage." "That was our captain all over. You couldn't keep him down. He flew two or three times with us during the day; he didn't omit a single flight."

"I shan't for get that either", interrupted the other. "That day when we destroyed our forty-sixth tank in low-level attack, the group commodore suddenly stood before us. He shook hands with us all and congratulated us on our success, but asked the captain whether he had not flown enough now."

Hilde Krahl

will appear in the Berlin film **City Melody**
and in the Tobis film **My friend Josefina**

The Brothers

By Obergefreiter Peter Steinbach

Drawing by H. v. Medvey

The tanks have pulverized the enemy ahead of us and we roll across the treeless steppe in their wake, until darkness falls. Now only the sentries are left to pace their rounds, while the others sleep. The stars twinkle aloft. The walls of the burning huts of the village incline towards one another, until they crash with a dull thud, and then all is as quiet and dark, as if war had never been known in the world. One hour past midnight comes the merciless awakening; movement can be noticed here and there in the tents, and our little army once more rolls on its way after the tanks, who have collared the retreating foe and are pushing him further back. It would really not be worth while writing about all this, had not a comrade had an experience this morning after his sleep at the burning village, an experience that would have to be termed chance, did it not bear the stamp of the sublime.

He is a young carpenter from the Rhön district, named Tony Reisch. He had belonged to the company since its formation, but had at first not got on so well with our lieutenant. His comrades, too, were inclined to consider the quiet, but quick-witted Obergefreiter, who spoke with something of a nasal twang, as being not quite right in his mind; but that was a big mistake. Tony was all right and we all liked him. It must have been about 10 o'clock. The column was making a halt, while the drivers refuelled. We of the air intelligence service had dismounted and were stretching our legs, while Tony, who preferred his own company, wandered aside to where he had noticed two motorcyclist runners who were busy at a crossroad. Nothing but pure curiosity impelled him to go closer. The tank men were working at a fresh grave; one was neatly finishing it off, while the other was employed with black paint on a cross that he had laid over the sidecar.

Tony is standing beside the grave and asks, "When did he cop his packet?"

"Quite early this morning."

Tony bends over the cross. "What are you painting there?"

He grips the other by the arm and repeats his question quite loud, almost shouting, "What are you painting there?"

The two stop work and look at him sharply.

"When was he born?"

The one with the brush in his hand reads the date from a slip of paper which tells in one brief sentence where he fell and that he was a good, courageous soldier. His eyes show that he is cut up about him.

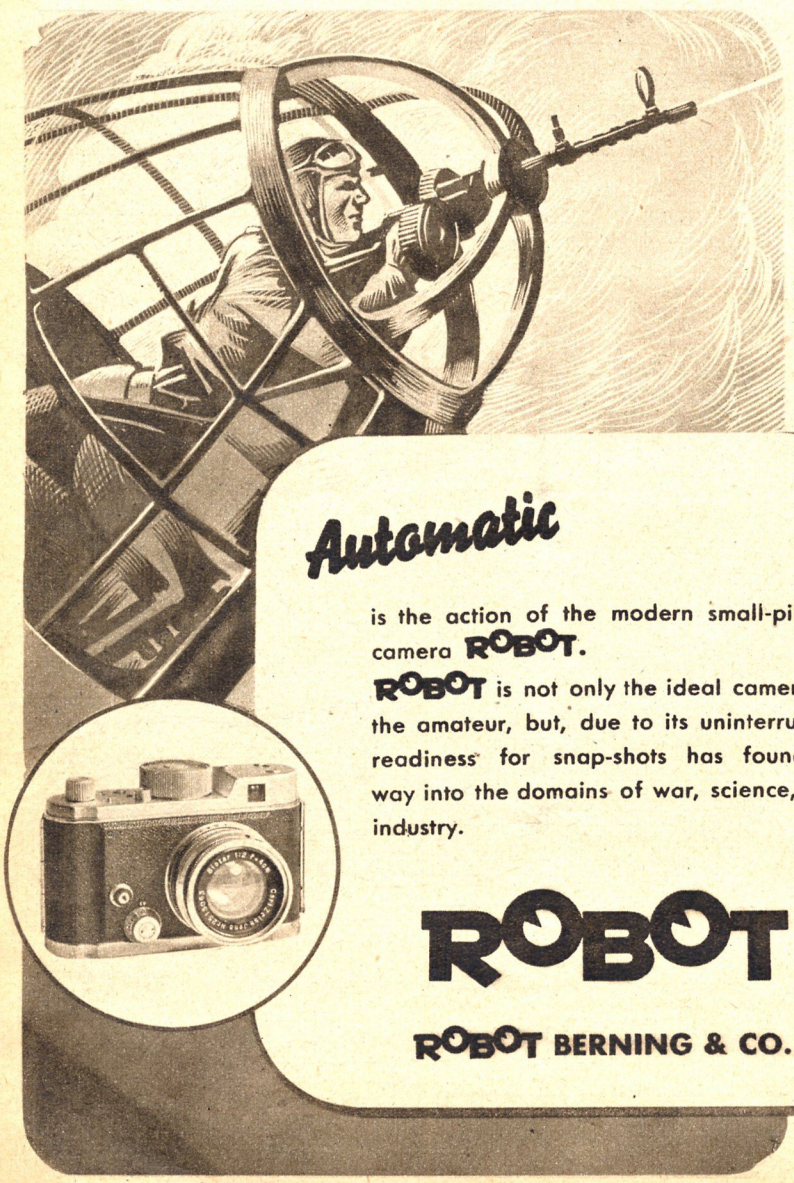
Tony lets his head sink, and his voice drops to a whisper. "That was my brother."

Just then two of his comrades appear, telling him to return to the column immediately. The tank men point to the grave, saying, "That was his brother."

Then they all move over to the car, where our Lieutenant is waiting impatiently for Tony, ready to tick him off. The two men who had fetched him said simply, "His brother is lying over there", and point to the grave.

Our Lieutenant lays his arm on Tony's shoulder, whose eyes all at once swim with silent tears, and goes over with him to the lonely grave in the steppe, behind them the whole formation, and all greet their comrade's brother who had fallen in action.

The column continues on its way after the tanks. This day also comes to an end, and once more the soldiers are bivouacking in their tents. Conflagrations round about project like pylons into the blackness of the night. The men are fast asleep.



Automatic

is the action of the modern small-picture camera **ROBOT**.

ROBOT is not only the ideal camera of the amateur, but, due to its uninterrupted readiness for snap-shots has found its way into the domains of war, science, and industry.

ROBOT

ROBOT BERNING & CO.

CITROVANILLE R.OTTO

Citrovanille

For decades known to act quickly and reliably in case of

head-ache
nerve pain
neuralgy

Sold by pharmacists

Otto & Co., Frankfurt a. Main Süd

Pharmaceutical and dental preparations

Perutz

PERUTZ FILME

For beautiful photos

Our biological preparations for nourishing the skin being delivered only on a limited scale, please bear in mind, more than ever before, our advice:— Take care to put on but a thin film! It is not the quantity, it is the quality which decides the action of the Eukutol preparations which you have learned to esteem so highly.

Eukutol

hygiene of the skin

All small wounds should be covered immediately with an adhesive plaster, when they will usually heal by themselves. With bites tainted by garden soil or horse manure, after putting on a Traumaplast bandage, better consult a surgeon!

Carl Blank, Bonn a. Rh.

Mrf. of adhesive plasters

The pleasantly foaming dentifrice

QUEISSER & CO. K.-G.
HAMBURG 19

Efasit

POWDER

EFASIT powder is marked by its pleasantly cooling, drying, disinfecting, and odour eliminating action. It is applied in the case of chafing, burning, sores from pressure and hot feet, against excessive transpiration of the feet and eczema between the toes. Efasit powder renders the skin supple and in this way prevents the formation of blisters, callosity, and sore spots in the skin.

It is also excellently adapted for massaging and powdering the body, issuing a pleasant, refreshing odour!

Sold by chemists, druggists and by the cosmetic's trade.

TOGAL-WERK MÜNCHEN

A brand of world's fame

TROPON

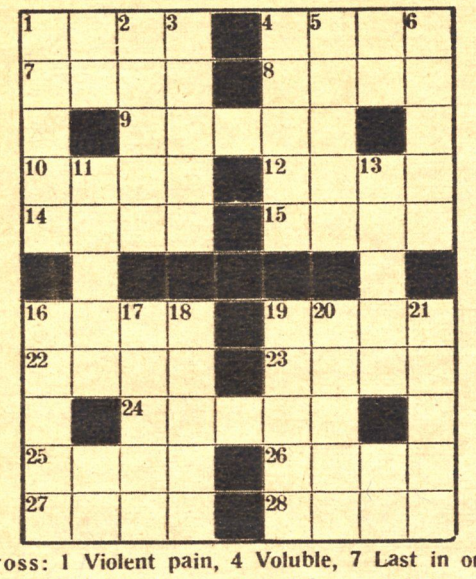
Since 1897 the mark of highly efficient medicines and special preparations

*

TROPONWERKE • KÖLN-MÜLHEIM

PASTIME

Crossword Puzzle

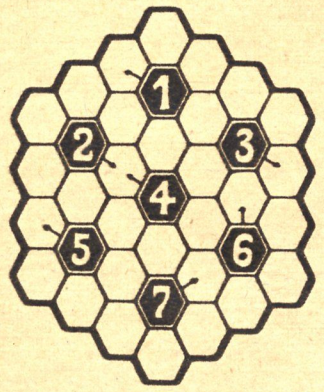


Across: 1 Violent pain, 4 Voluble, 7 Last in order, 8 Harsh, 9 The Devil, 10 Tidy, 12 Season, 14 Narrative, 15 Used to serve at table, 16 To transfer for an equivalent, 19 Colour, 22 Valuable pharmaceutical plant, 23 Scarce, 24 Having legal force, 25 General term for animals having deciduous horns, 26 You cannot believe him, 27 Spun thread, 28 Something granted for temporary use;

Down: 1 Mark made by impression, 2 Sounded through the nose, 3 Framework of iron bars, 4 Term used in fruit-culture, 5 Pertaining to the moon, 6 Part of human body, 11 Indispensable for the painter, 13 Stratum, 16 Colour of hair, 16 What the bridegroom is supposed to be, 18 What we mainly do while we are young, 19 Important division in a wine-restaurant, 20 Modern contrivance for spreading news, 21 To feel a deep longing. I 439

Honeycomb Puzzle

a a a, c, d, e e e e, h, i, k, l, m, n, o o, p, r r r r r, s s, t t t t, w

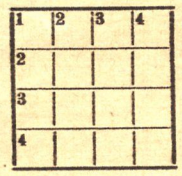


Insert above letters in blank cells in such a way that seven words, of six letters each, are formed around figures 1—7. Each word starts at arrow and is to be read according to the movement of a clock's hand.

Meaning of single words: 1 Building cement, 2 Mouth of a volcano, 3 Member of family, 4 Fortified residence, 5 To be put on a grave, 6 Office requisite, 7 Severe trial. I 438

Magic Square

a a, b b b, d d, e e, g, m, n n, t, u u



Put the above letters in the squares in such a way that across and down you will read the same four words of the following meaning:
1 Military orchestra, 2 Intermittent fever, 3 Deprived of sensation, 4 Obligation. I 423

Solutions

Crossword Puzzle: Across: 1 Pang, 4 Glib, 7 Rear, 8 Rude, 9 Satan, 10 Neat, 12 Fall, 14 Tale, 15 Tray, 16 Sell, 19 Grey, 22 Aloe, 23 Rare, 24 Valid, 25 Deer, 26 Liar, 27 Yarn, 28 Loan. Down: 1 Print, 2 Nasal, 3 Grate, 4 Graft, 5 Lunar, 6 Belly, 11 Easel, 13 Layer, 16 Sandy, 17 Lower, 18 Learn, 19 Grill, 20 Radio, 21 Yearn.

Honeycomb Puzzle: 1 Mortar, 2 Crater, 3 Sister, 4 Castle, 5 Wreath, 6 Inkpot, 7 Ordeal.

Magic Square: 1 Band, 2 Ague, 3 Numb, 4 Debt.

Equation: a = N(un), b = Ew(e), c = Ton(e). x = Newton.

What is that

PK photograph by Zepka (Sch), war correspondent

Casual inspection might suggest that it was a pile of firewood for the winter. Actually, however, it is an ammunition dump, waiting to be transported to the firing line

Equation

(a—un) + (b—e) + (c—e) = x

a = a woman who spends her time in religious duties

b = female sheep.

c = the tiniest part of a musical phrase.

x = English scientist. I 441

KHASANA

Dr K

PERI

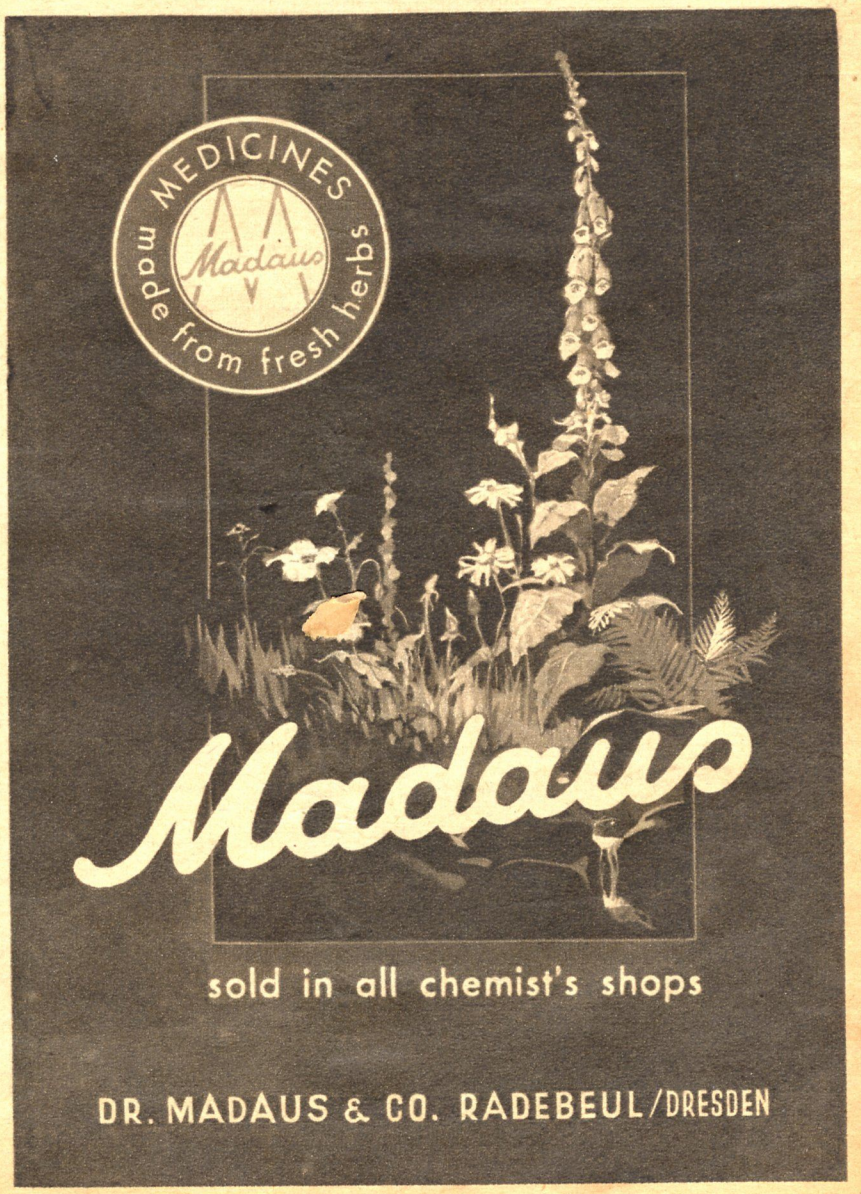
KHASANA

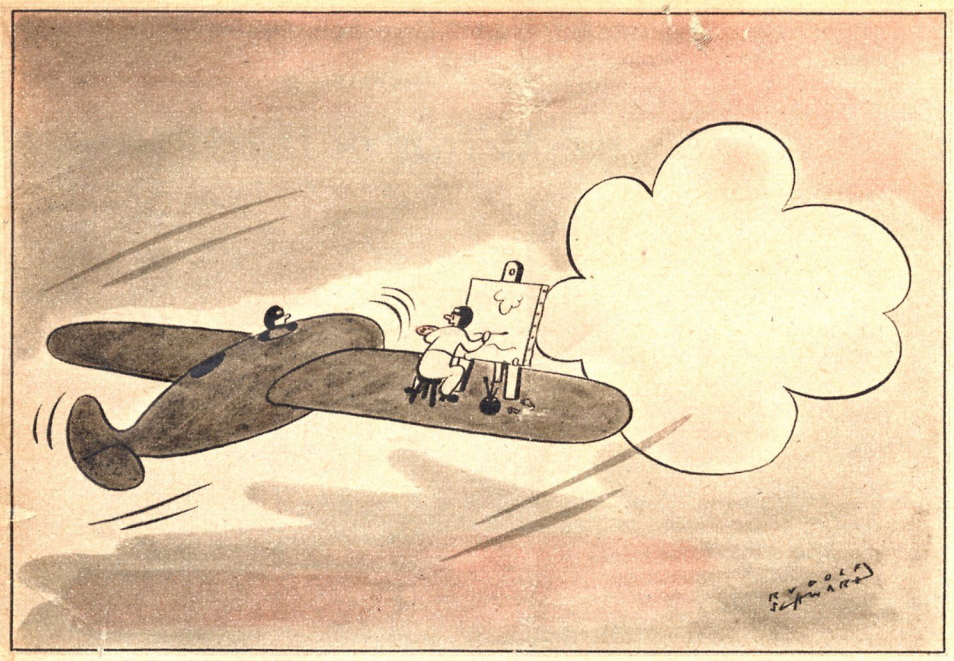
WORLD-RENOWNED BRANDS OF COSMETICS

Dr. Korthaus

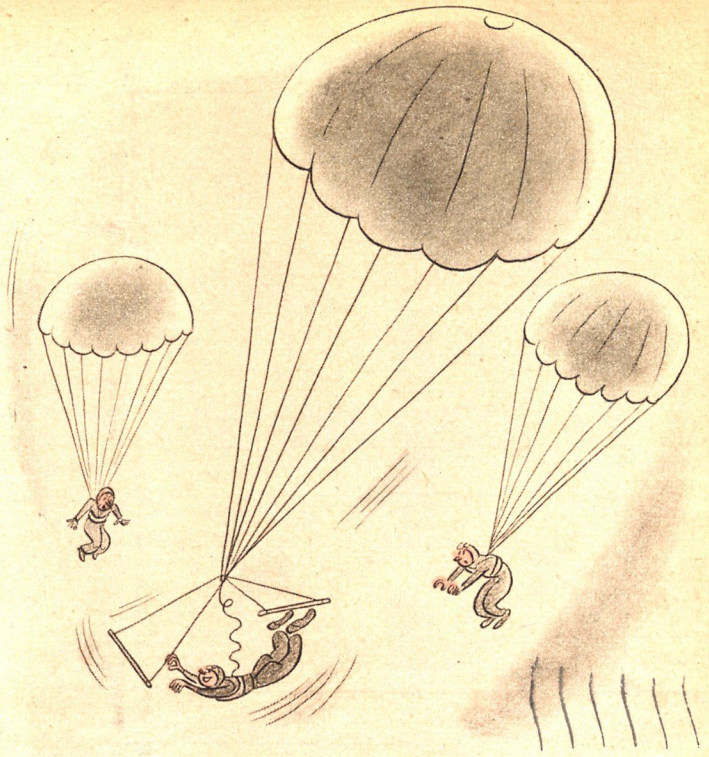
DR. KORTHAUS FRANKFURT A.M.

PERI





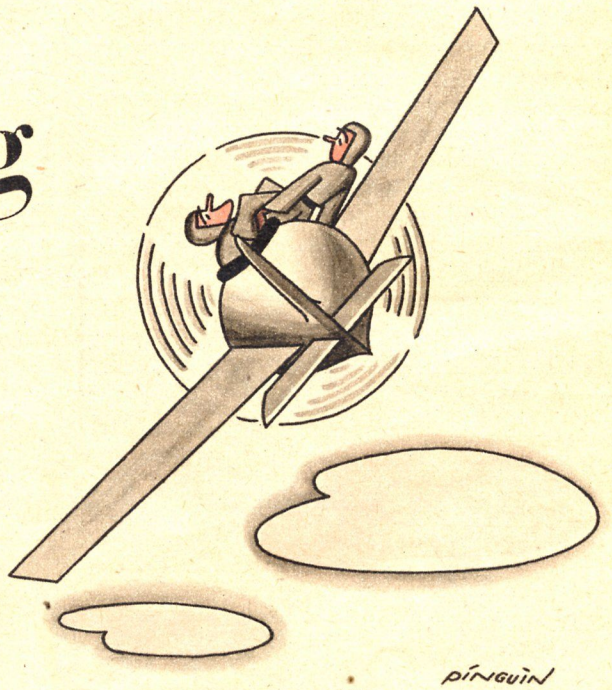
"Say, can't we go down a little lower? . . . This darn cloud's blocking my whole view!"



Sergeant Müller can't resist showing off his gymnastic talents

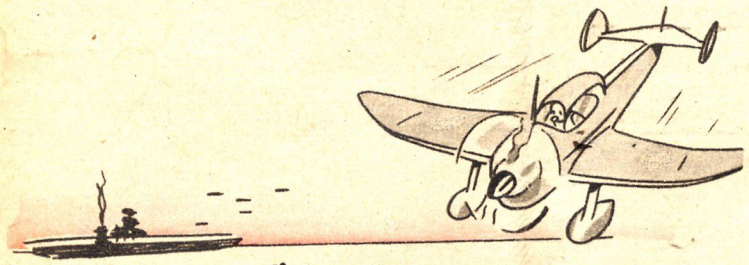
Stunting

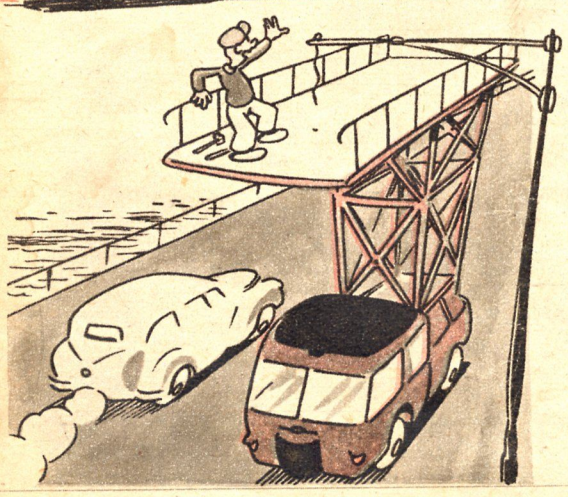
'Step on the gas, boy—there's a bee after us!"



Force of Habit: He used to ride in a motorcycle sidecar

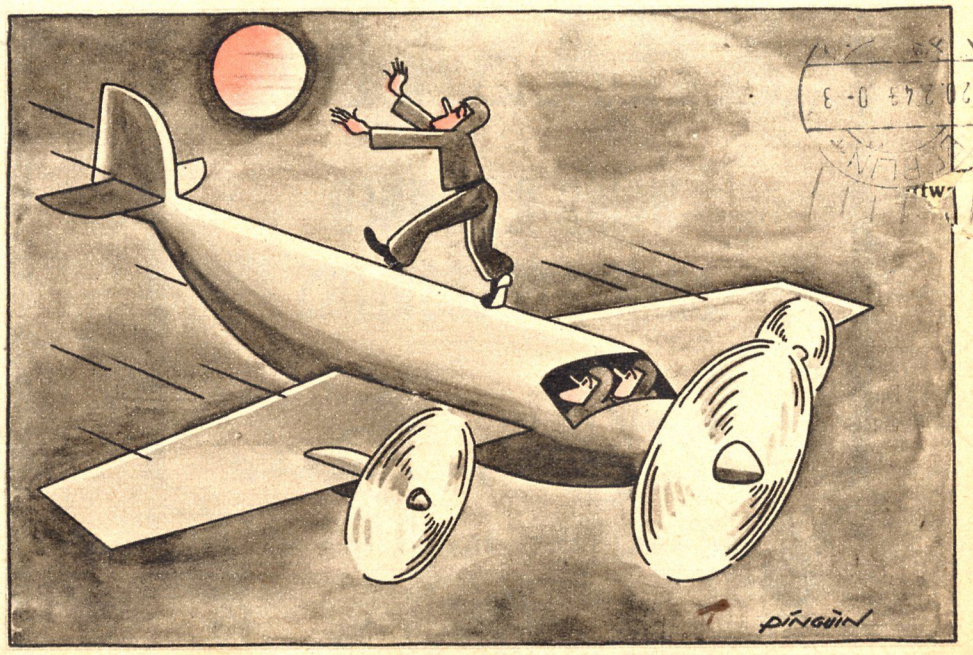
Drawings by Pinguin (3), Jeannin-Ribettes, Mauder, Schwazr





"Hey, this ain't no aircraft carrier!"

"Otto may be an ace in the daytime, but he sure gets moonstruck at night!"



Der ADLER appears fortnightly. Editor: Dr. Georg Böse, Berlin-Charlottenburg 5. Responsible for advertisements: Willy Roth, Berlin-Dahlem. Price list 13. Printed and published by August Scherl Nachfolger, Berlin SW 68. Telephone collective No. 17 45 71 (local) and 17 57 61 (trunk calls). Please address all communications to the Publisher directly and not to individuals